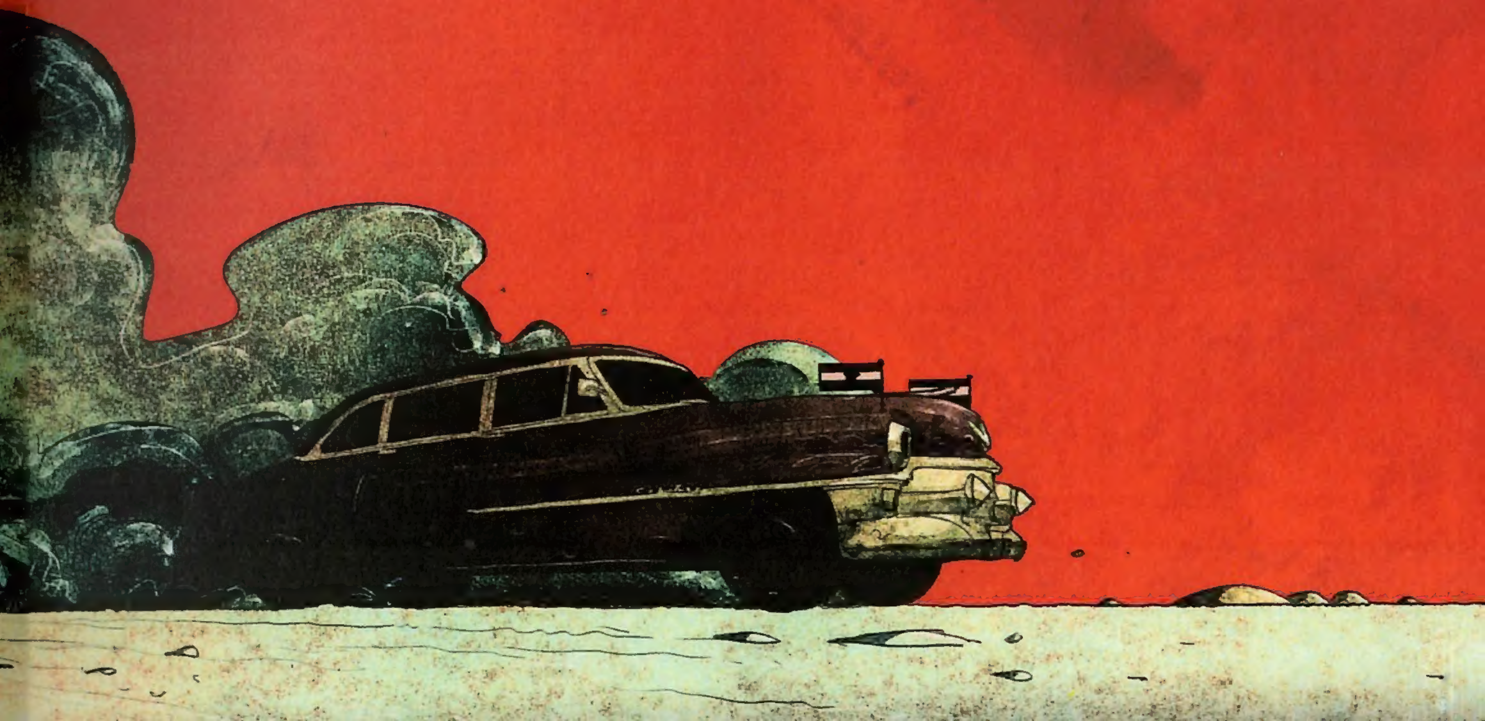
* MATIJA PISAČIĆ *

PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY

PSIHOTIČNA MJESEČEVA SONATA



* MATIJA PISAČIĆ *
PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY
PSIHOTIČNA MJESEČEVA SONATA
9 789535 088776

MATIJA PISAČIĆ

Born in 1975 in Zagreb.
He graduated in 1994 with a thesis on comics at ŠPUD in Zagreb.
He studied philosophy and religious culture at the FFDI in Zagreb.
He is a member of Videoteka Pauk and HZSU, secretary of ASIFA Croatia, and artistic director of UO Anima.

From 1995 to 1997 he worked within the group Kolektiv Variete Radikale, publishing numerous illustrations and comics in their editions.
In the following years, he collaborated as an illustrator with Krešimir Zimonić on the comic series Kronike in the magazine Modra lasta.
From 1999 to 2004 he drew the comic Svebor i Plamena in the same magazine, written by Darko Macan.

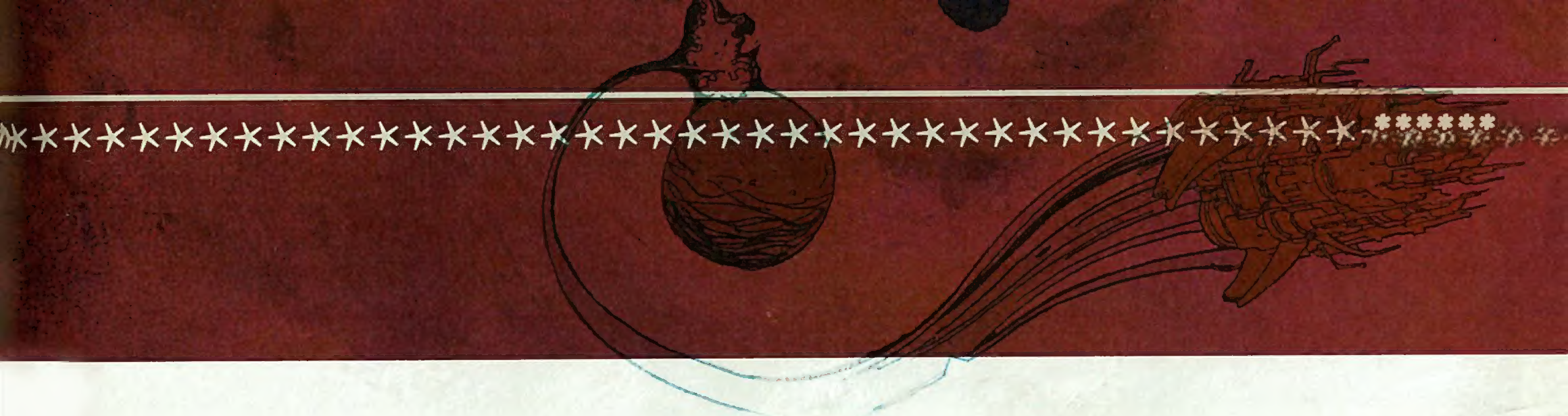
He has illustrated many books for various Croatian publishers and has worked as an illustrator with several advertising agencies.
In the mid-2000s he was a member of the comic group Emisija emocija.
He is one of the editors and regular authors of the comic zine Ohoho and the comic almanac Iracionalist.

In 2015 and 2016 he produced the documentary series Strip u Hrvatskoj for HRT, directed by Irena Jukić Pranjić.
He is the producer and director of several short animated films, including the multi-award-winning Choban and The Adventures of Gloria Scott: Murder in the Cathedral.
He is the editor-in-chief of the edition Knjige snimanja hrvatskih animiranih filmova, published by ASIFA Croatia.

PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY

PSIHOTIČNA MJESEČEVA SONATA

Blessed is the Land that has such youth! Every revolution is worth only as much as it is able to constantly develop and defend its gains. Let's not cling to the law like a drunk to a fence! Let's live and work as if we shall be for a hundred years, but prepare as if there will be war tomorrow !



PUBLISHING HIS PRIVATE FEARS. DON'T WORRY, I SPENT ANOTHER WEEK WITH HIM IN THE MOUNTAINS THIS WINTER. MOREOVER, ZOINK LATER OFFERED ME A SERIES OF WHAT HE CALLED ANECDOTES. BUT, SINCE THEY MOSTLY CONCERNED REPLACING VALVE RUBBERS IN A FROZEN KITCHEN, NONE OF IT SERVED AS INSPIRATION FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE SPACE OPERA.

WHY A SEQUEL? SAŠA PAPRIĆ IS TO BLAME FOR THAT, WHO CONVINCED ME TO EXTEND THE COMIC INTO ALBUM FORM AND SUBMIT IT TO A COMPETITION. THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE ANNOUNCES A COMPETITION EVERY YEAR, AT WHICH SELECTED AUTHORS AND THEIR EMERGING WORKS ARE AWARDED SCHOLARSHIPS. SAŠA AND IRENA JUKIĆ PRANJIĆ WROTE BEAUTIFUL REVIEWS, AND I WROTE A SYNOPSIS FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE PLOT. BOTH SAŠA AND I WERE A BIT SHOCKED BY MY TEXT - IT SEEMED THAT THERE MIGHT BE NO POINT IN SENDING SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO A COMPETITION AT ALL. OUR CONSOLATION WAS THE COMIC "ZGODE I NEZGODE ANTE PAVELIĆA" BY DUBRAVKO MATAKOVIĆ, PROBABLY EVEN CRAZIER THAN MINE (THAT COMIC HAS NOT BEEN PRINTED TO THIS DAY), WHICH HAD RECEIVED A SCHOLARSHIP AT ONE TIME.

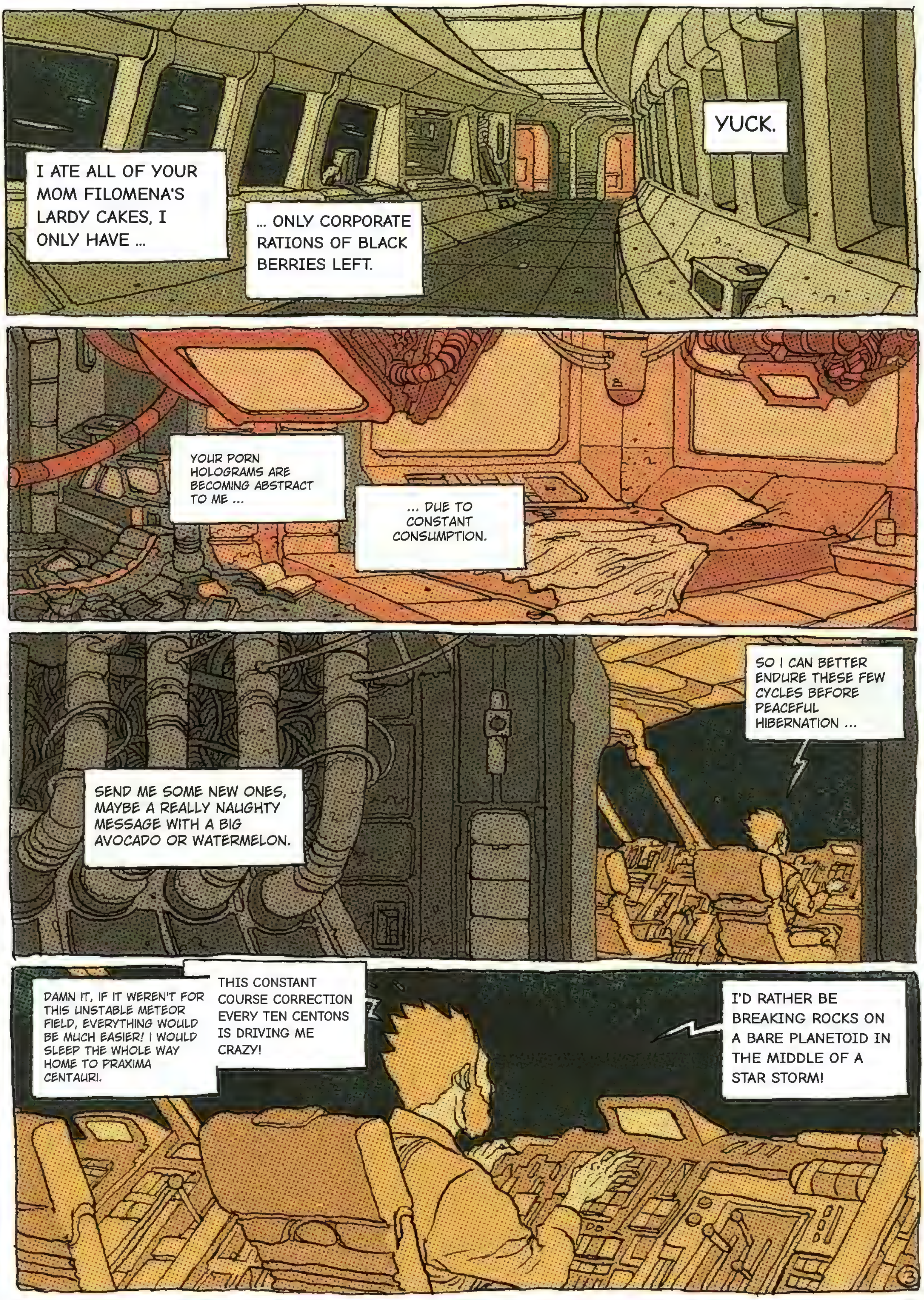
TO EVERYONE'S GENERAL SURPRISE, AND MOST OF ALL TO ZOINKA ZORKABOINKA'S SURPRISE, I WAS AWARDED THE ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP. I, OF COURSE, HAD LONG SINCE SPENT THE MONEY, BUT I CAN NO LONGER CLAIM THAT PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY PLUNGED ME INTO DEBT.

IN CONCLUSION, THE FIFTH ISSUE OF OHO ZINE HAD MONEY AS ITS GIVEN THEME. IT WAS THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE ZINE FOR WHICH WE HAD

ACTUALLY RECEIVED MONEY THROUGH A PUBLIC INSTITUTION'S ANNOUNCED COMPETITION.

DEAR AGATHA. JUST AS YOU TOLD ME, SPACE IS BLACK AS ANTHRACITE.
1

I CUT IT WITHOUT MERCY WITH THIS DIAMOND SHIP...
ADMITTEDLY, THE SHIP IS ON AUTOPILOT HALF THE TIME, AND I'VE BEEN GOING A LITTLE MAD THESE PAST CYCLES FROM THIS CRUEL EMBRACE OF THE VOID...

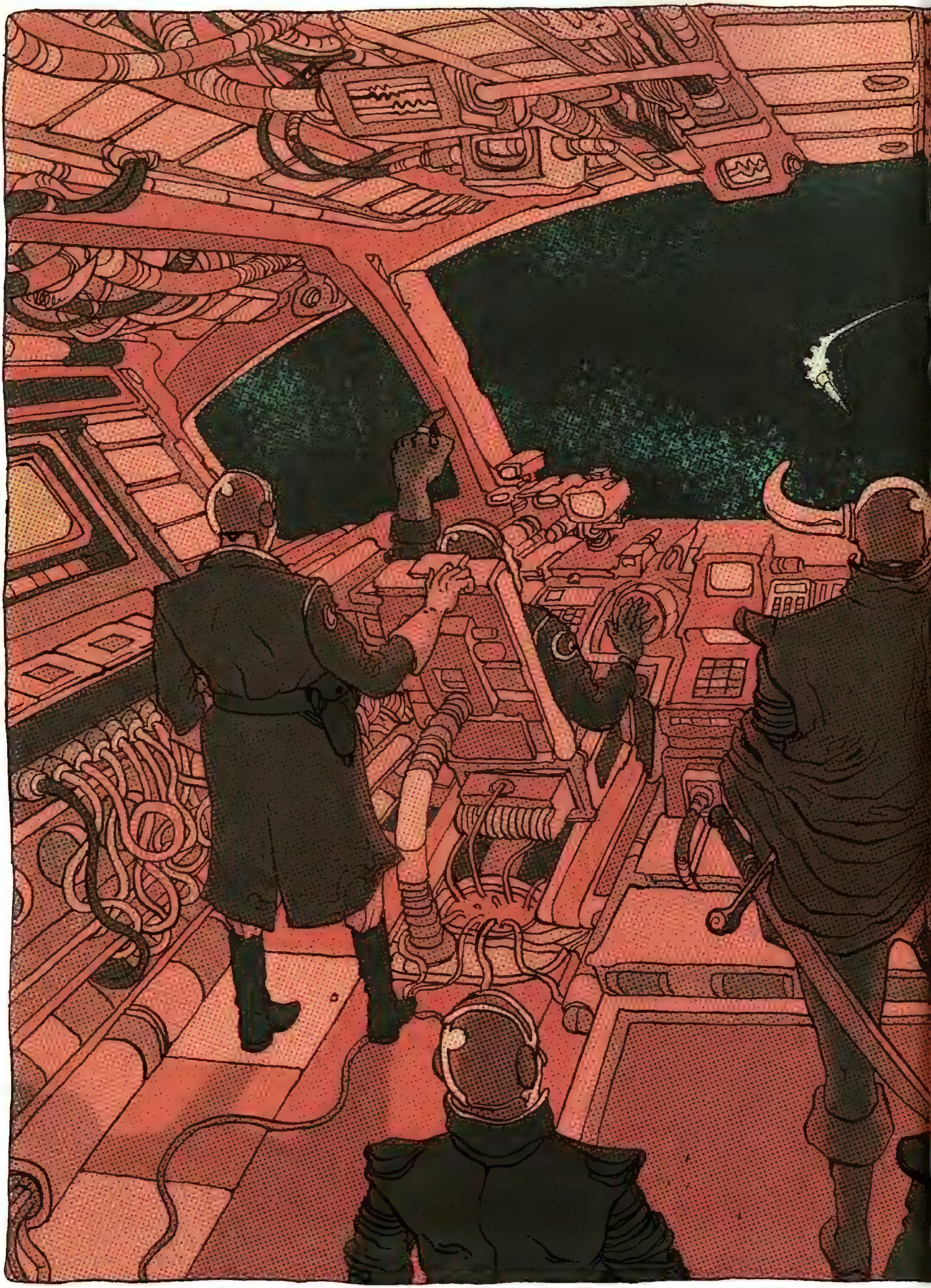

I ATE ALL OF YOUR MOM FILOMENA'S LARDY CAKES, I ONLY HAVE ...
... ONLY CORPORATE RATIONS OF BLACK BERRIES LEFT.
YUCK.
YOUR PORN HOLOGRAMS ARE BECOMING ABSTRACT TO ME ...
... DUE TO CONSTANT CONSUMPTION.
SEND ME SOME NEW ONES, MAYBE A REALLY NAUGHTY MESSAGE WITH A BIG AVOCADO OR WATERMELON.
SO I CAN BETTER ENDURE THESE FEW CYCLES BEFORE PEACEFUL HIBERNATION ...
DAMN IT, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS UNSTABLE METEOR FIELD, EVERYTHING WOULD BE MUCH EASIER! I WOULD SLEEP THE WHOLE WAY HOME TO PRAXIMA CENTAURI.
THIS CONSTANT COURSE CORRECTION EVERY TEN CENTONS IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!
I'D RATHER BE BREAKING ROCKS ON A BARE PLANETOID IN THE MIDDLE OF A STAR STORM!

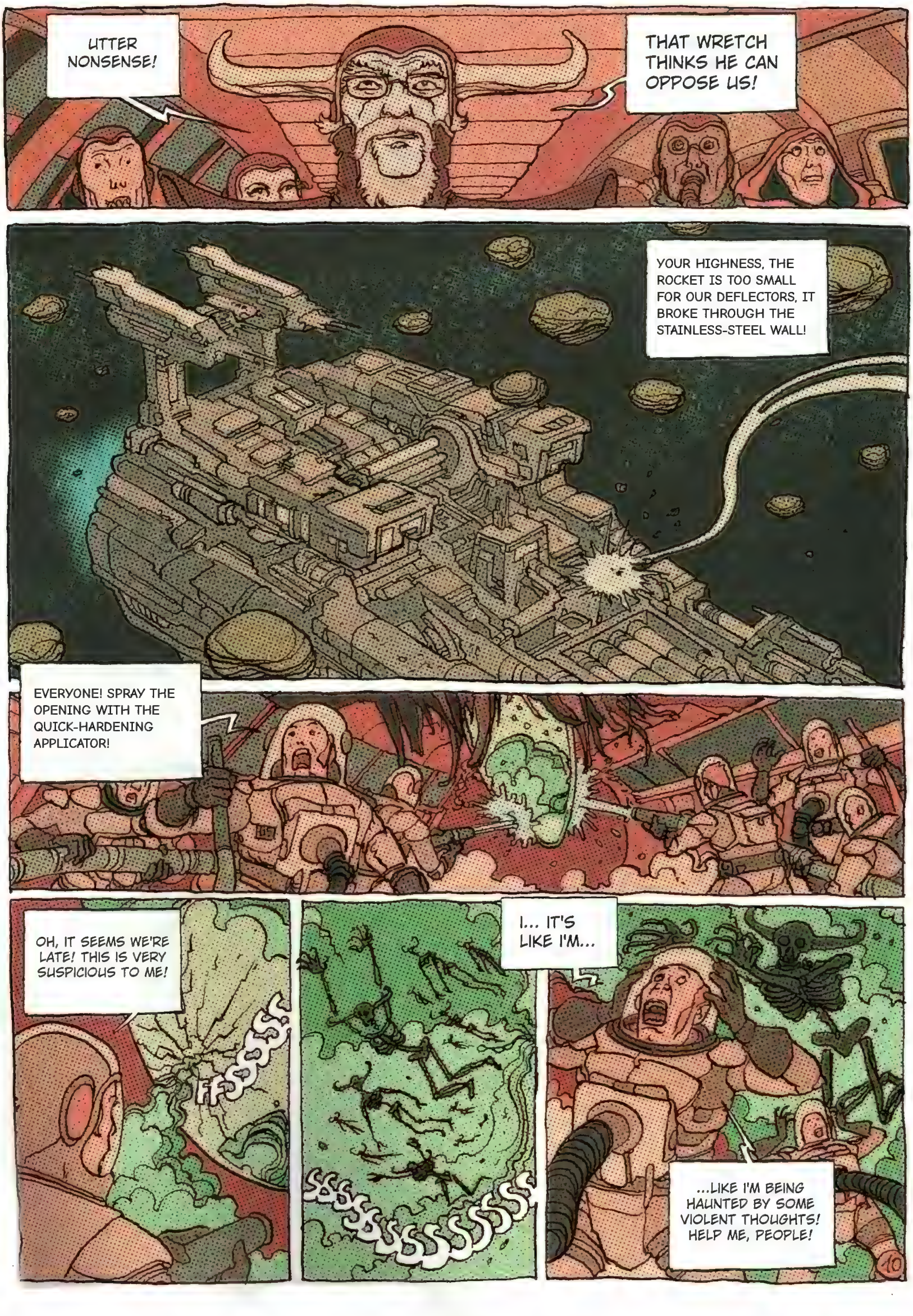
AND THESE TOUCHY CONTROLS! LIKE I'M KNITTING A SWEATER. CROCHETING MY WAY THROUGH SPACE!
OR HAVE A SHIP THAT BENDS TIME AND SPACE. I KNOW, TOO AMBITIOUS FOR AN ORDINARY SPACE-FREIGHTER DRIVER, ISN'T IT, DEAR AGATHA?
ONE KLOT, TWO FRKET, TWO KLOT, ONE FRKET. IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME FIXED PATTERN TO WORKING THE SHIP'S THRUSTERS.
WHAT!? COME ON, DON'T DO THIS TO ME NOW!
ALERT!

COMPUTER, STOP RECORDING THE MESSAGE! HMMM... THAT FUSE FOR THE SHIP'S AFT SENSORS PROBABLY BLEW AGAIN!
SECOND TIME THIS CYCLE! THE WHOLE SHIP IS UNDER HUGE STRAIN FROM ALL THIS ZIG-ZAG FLYING. IF THERE WERE UP AND DOWN IN SPACE, I'D BE THROWING UP NON-STOP! AS IT IS, I'VE JUST GOT INDIGESTION FROM THOSE BLACK BERRIES...
THUD!
OW!
WAIT A MINUTE! THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT FROM ULTRA-HEAVY BLASTERS!
THUD!!!
POLICE DESTROYER!!!

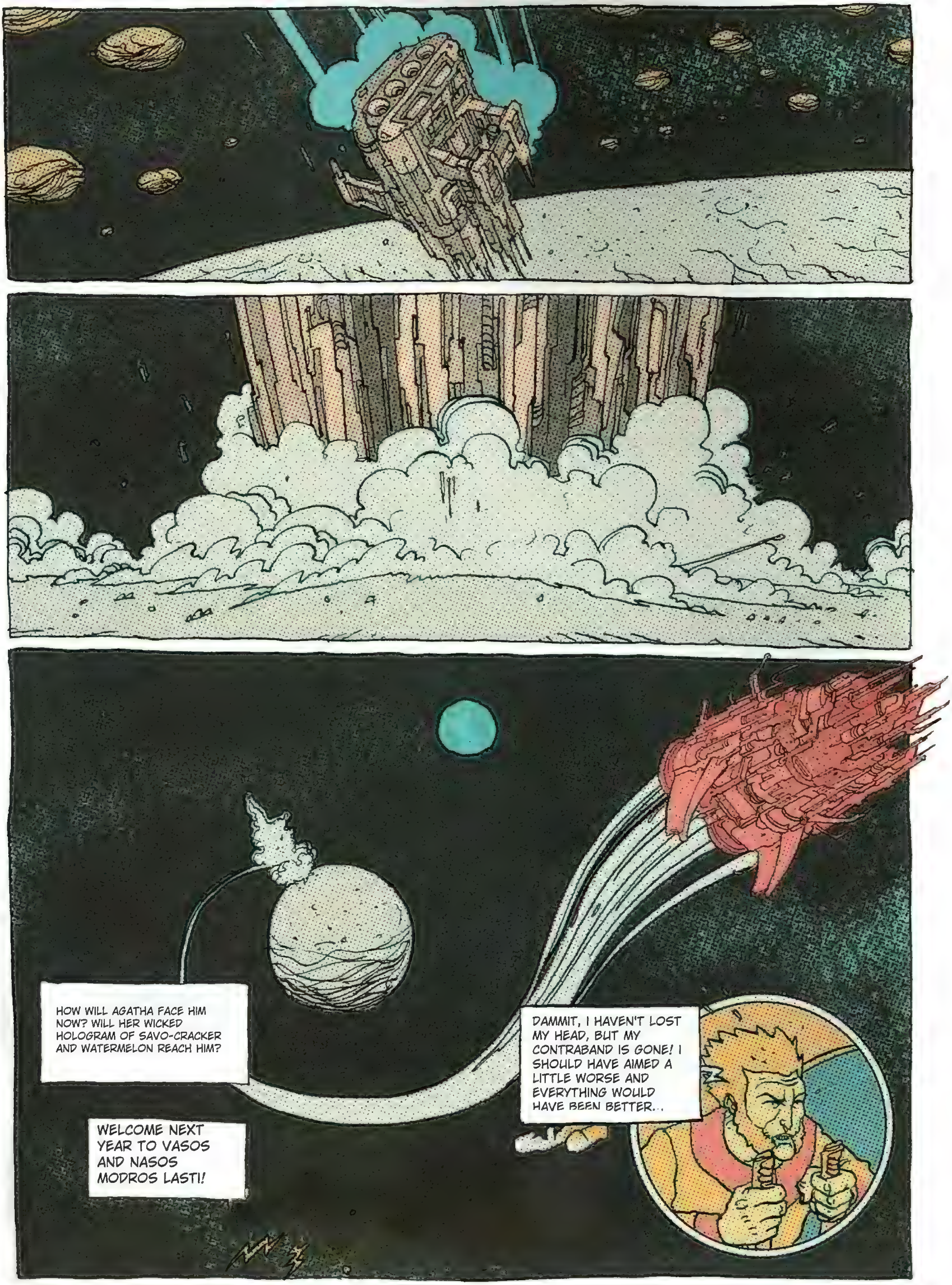
UNBELIEVABLE THAT HE'S SO FAR OUT IN OPEN SPACE!
SHIT, HOW MANY GUNS DOES THIS CRUISER HAVE! IT'LL SMASH ME INTO TINY PIECES OF PROTOPLASM!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THAT SUSPICIOUS CARGO FROM BERNARD'S STAR B!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER WHEN THE SMUGGLER OFFERED ME SO MANY CREDITS FOR A SIMPLE TRANSPORT!
THAT GREEN LIQUID WILL DRIVE ME INSANE! OH, AGATHA, WILL I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN?!
QUICK, MAYBE I CAN STILL GET OUT OF THIS!
WHERE DID I JUST UNLOAD THAT DAMN TANK?!
I KNOW! NEXT TO THOSE STINKING SPICES FROM THE PLANET TRAPPIST 1E!
UH, UH! START UP, DAMMIT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FAIL ME NOW, ARE YOU!
I PROMISE I WON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT CROCHETING, KNITTING, EMBROIDERY, OR ANY SEWING ACROSS THE UNIVERSE EVER AGAIN!

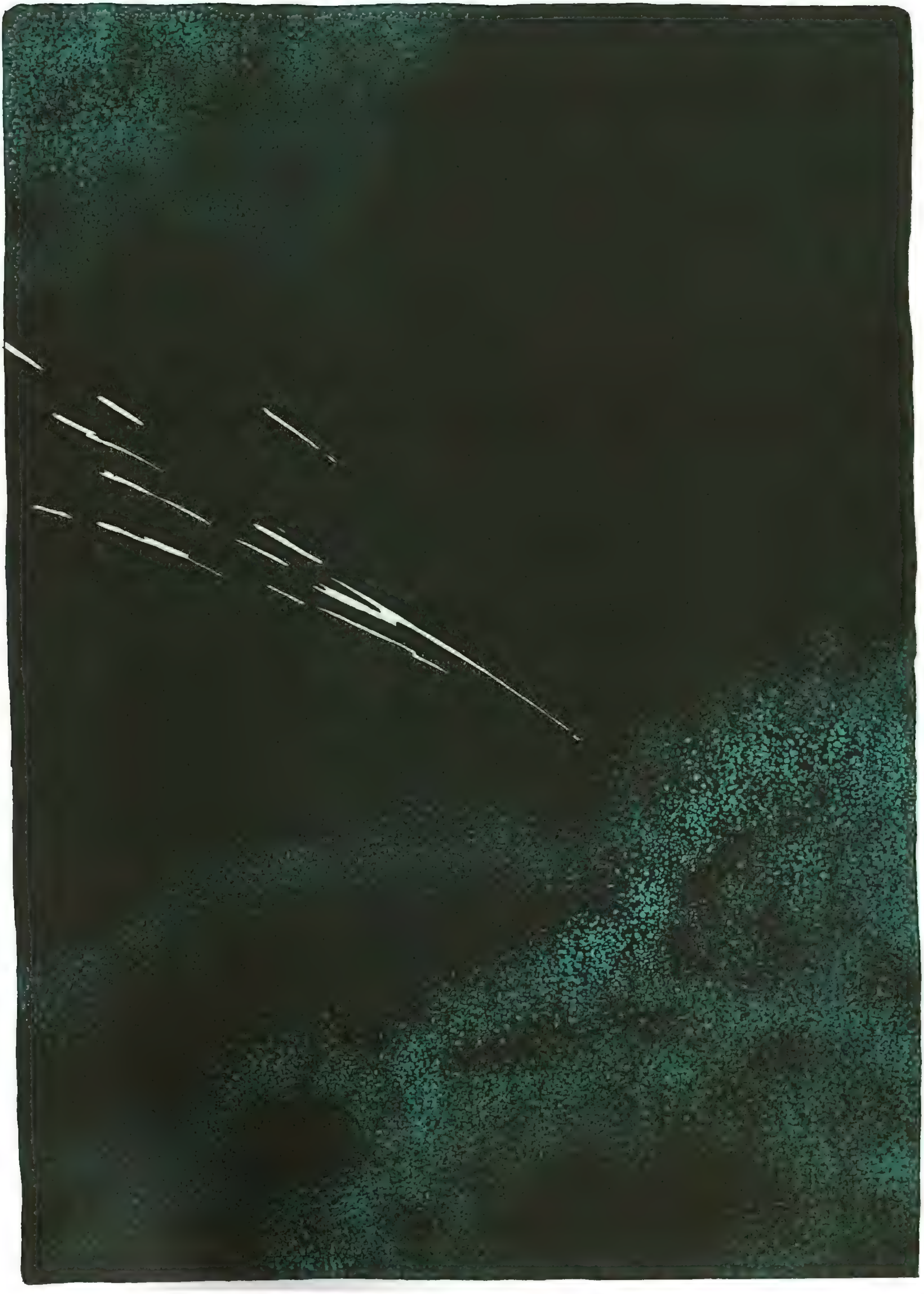
UGH, THERE'S REALLY A LOT POURED IN!
AND IT SHINES NICELY, VERY UNUSUAL!
LUCKILY THE HOSE IS LONG ENOUGH! I WILL SUCK EVERYTHING UP, ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING!
AND LATER, WITH A BIT OF LUCK, I CAN FIND THE ROCKET AND RETURN THE GREEN SUBSTANCE TO THE TANKER!
I HAVE TO MAKE IT BEFORE THE COPS BOARD THE SHIP!
THUD!
!?
UMPF!
I CAN STILL DIE FROM THIS ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY!
KLIK!
WHOSH!!!



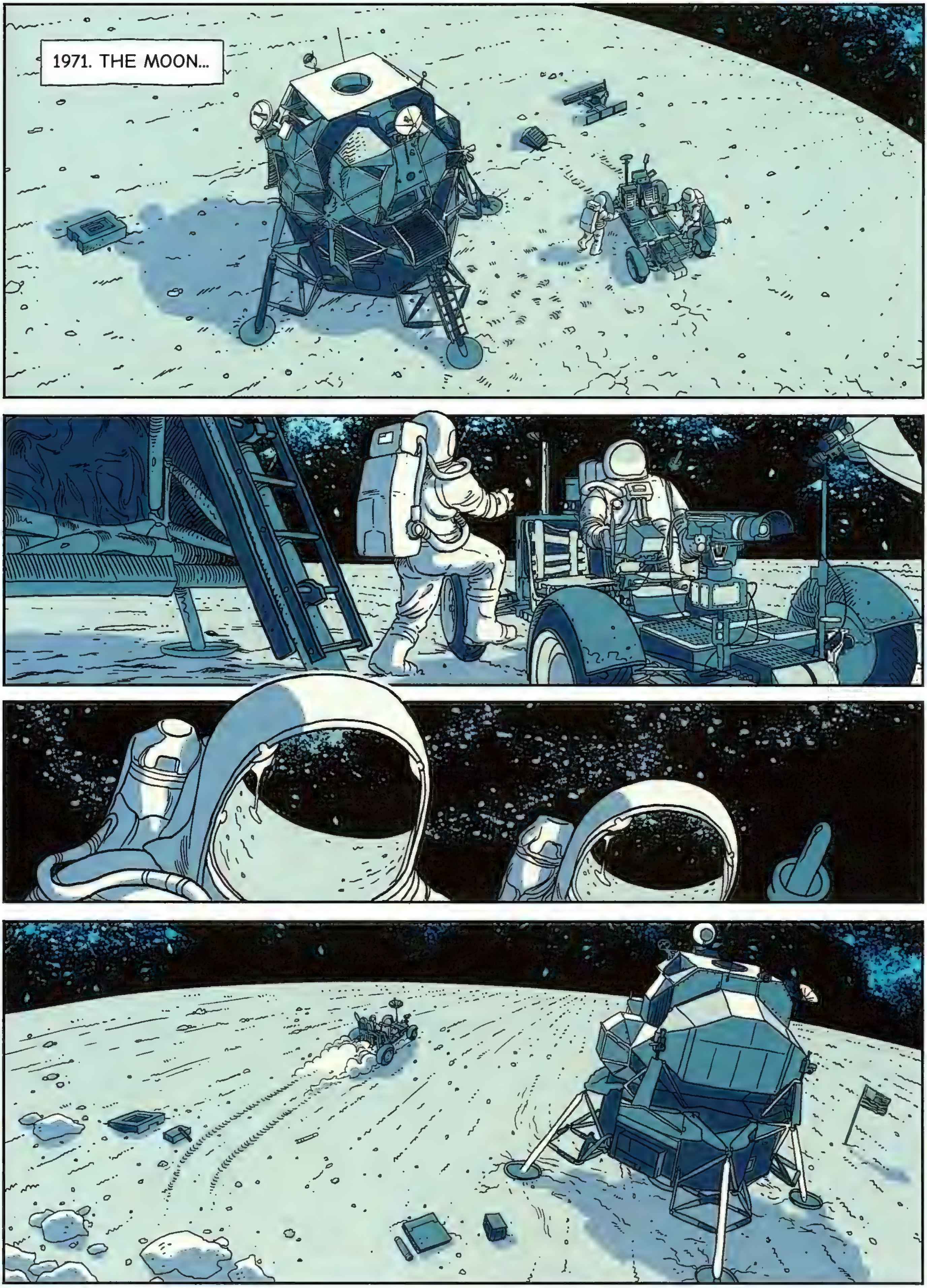

UTTER NONSENSE!
THAT WRETCH THINKS HE CAN OPPOSE US!
YOUR HIGHNESS, THE ROCKET IS TOO SMALL FOR OUR DEFLECTORS, IT BROKE THROUGH THE STAINLESS-STEEL WALL!
EVERYONE! SPRAY THE OPENING WITH THE QUICK-HARDENING APPLICATOR!
OH, IT SEEMS WE'RE LATE! THIS IS VERY SUSPICIOUS TO ME!
FFSSSS!
SSSSSSSSSSSSS
I... IT'S LIKE I'M...
...LIKE I'M BEING HAUNTED BY SOME VIOLENT THOUGHTS! HELP ME, PEOPLE!

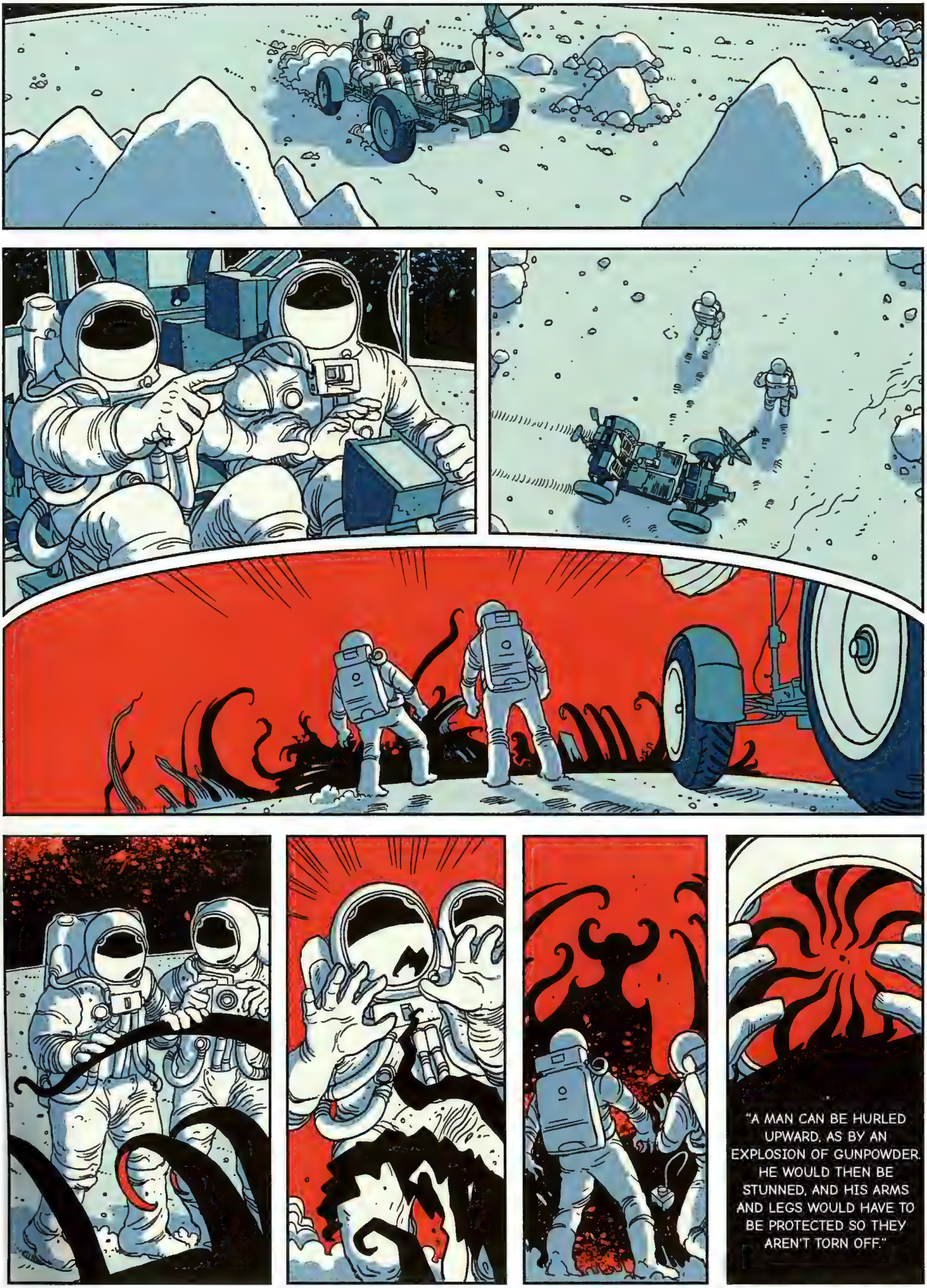
WE'RE DONE FOR!


HOW WILL AGATHA FACE HIM NOW? WILL HER WICKED HOLOGRAM OF SAVO-CRACKER AND WATERMELON REACH HIM?
DAMMIT, I HAVEN'T LOST MY HEAD, BUT MY CONTRABAND IS GONE! I SHOULD HAVE AIMED A LITTLE WORSE AND EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER...
WELCOME NEXT YEAR TO VASOS AND NASOS MODROS LASTI!

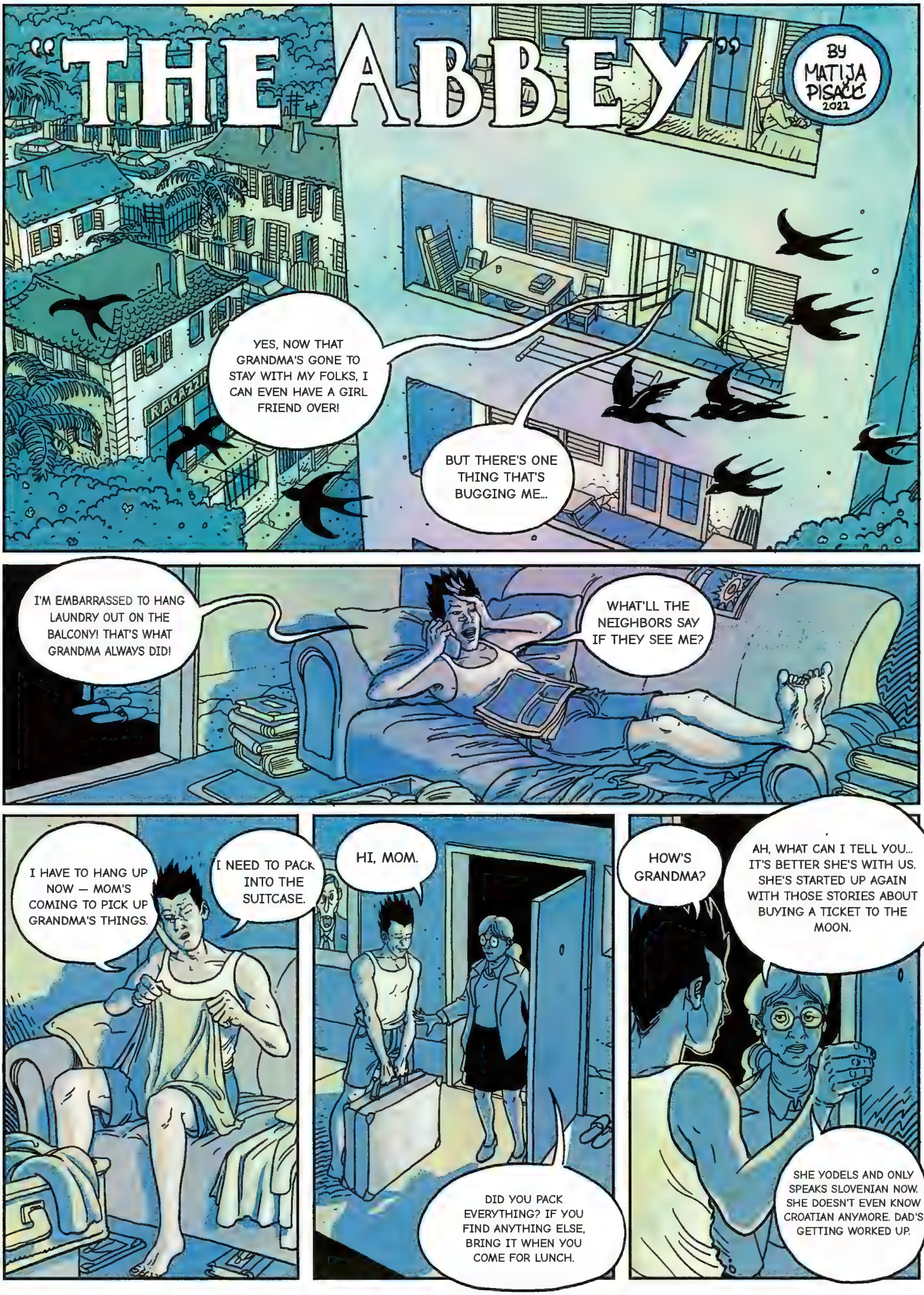


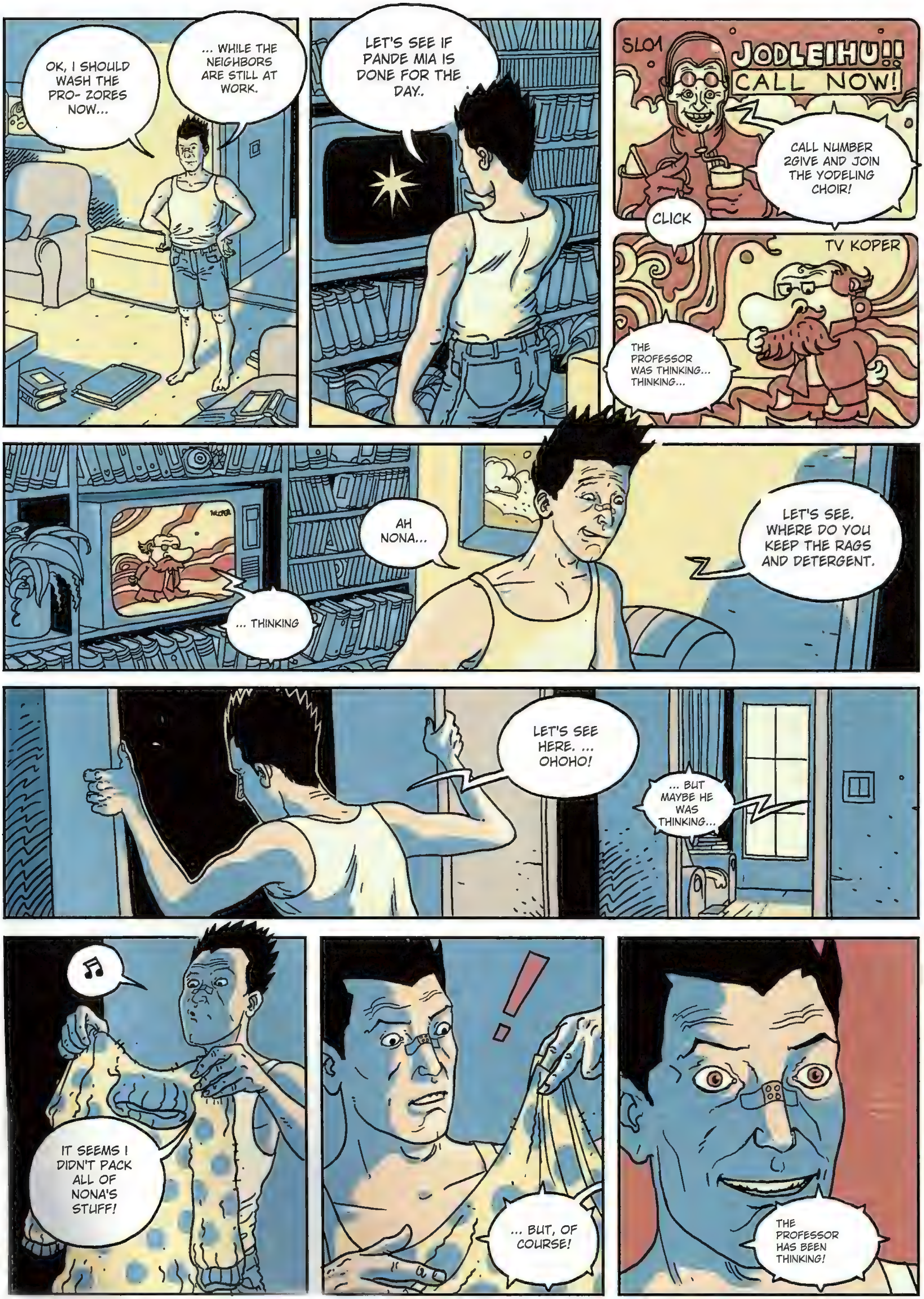
PSYCHO MOON
SPACE ABBEY


1971. THE MOON...



"SOMMNIUM", JOHANES KEPLER, 1634.


"THE ABBEY"
BY MATIJA PISAČIĆ 2022
YES, NOW THAT GRANDMA'S GONE TO STAY WITH MY FOLKS, I CAN EVEN HAVE A GIRL FRIEND OVER!
BUT THERE'S ONE THING THAT'S BUGGING ME...
I'M EMBARRASSED TO HANG LAUNDRY OUT ON THE BALCONY! THAT'S WHAT GRANDMA ALWAYS DID!
WHAT'LL THE NEIGHBORS SAY IF THEY SEE ME?
I HAVE TO HANG UP NOW — MOM'S COMING TO PICK UP GRANDMA'S THINGS.
I NEED TO PACK INTO THE SUITCASE.
HI, MOM.
DID YOU PACK EVERYTHING? IF YOU FIND ANYTHING ELSE, BRING IT WHEN YOU COME FOR LUNCH.
HOW'S GRANDMA?
AH, WHAT CAN I TELL YOU... IT'S BETTER SHE'S WITH US. SHE'S STARTED UP AGAIN WITH THOSE STORIES ABOUT BUYING A TICKET TO THE MOON.
SHE YODELS AND ONLY SPEAKS SLOVENIAN NOW. SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW CROATIAN ANYMORE. DAD'S GETTING WORKED UP.


OK, I SHOULD WASH THE PRO- ZORES NOW...
... WHILE THE NEIGHBORS ARE STILL AT WORK.
LET'S SEE IF PANDE MIA IS DONE FOR THE DAY..
SLO1
JODLEIHU!!
CALL NOW!
CALL NUMBER 2GIVE AND JOIN THE YODELING CHOIR!
CLICK
TV KOPER
THE PROFESSOR WAS THINKING... THINKING...
AH NONA...
... THINKING
LET'S SEE. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE RAGS AND DETERGENT.
LET'S SEE HERE. ... OHOHO!
... BUT MAYBE HE WAS THINKING...
IT SEEMS I DIDN'T PACK ALL OF NONA'S STUFF!
!
... BUT, OF COURSE!
THE PROFESSOR HAS BEEN THINKING!

PSYCHO ABBEY©™
...
NEIGHBOR! YOU'VE BEEN SO QUIET LATELY! CAN'T HEAR YOU YODELING ANYMORE!
AHEM!
!!
BUT I CAUGHT A COLD SO I CAN'T!
ACTUALLY, I HAVE TO GO INSIDE QUICKLY! I'M NOT FEELING TOO WELL TODAY, SORRY!
HI NEIGHBOR!
DAMN!
SLAM!
PHEW! SMOKING BREAK!
GOT IT!

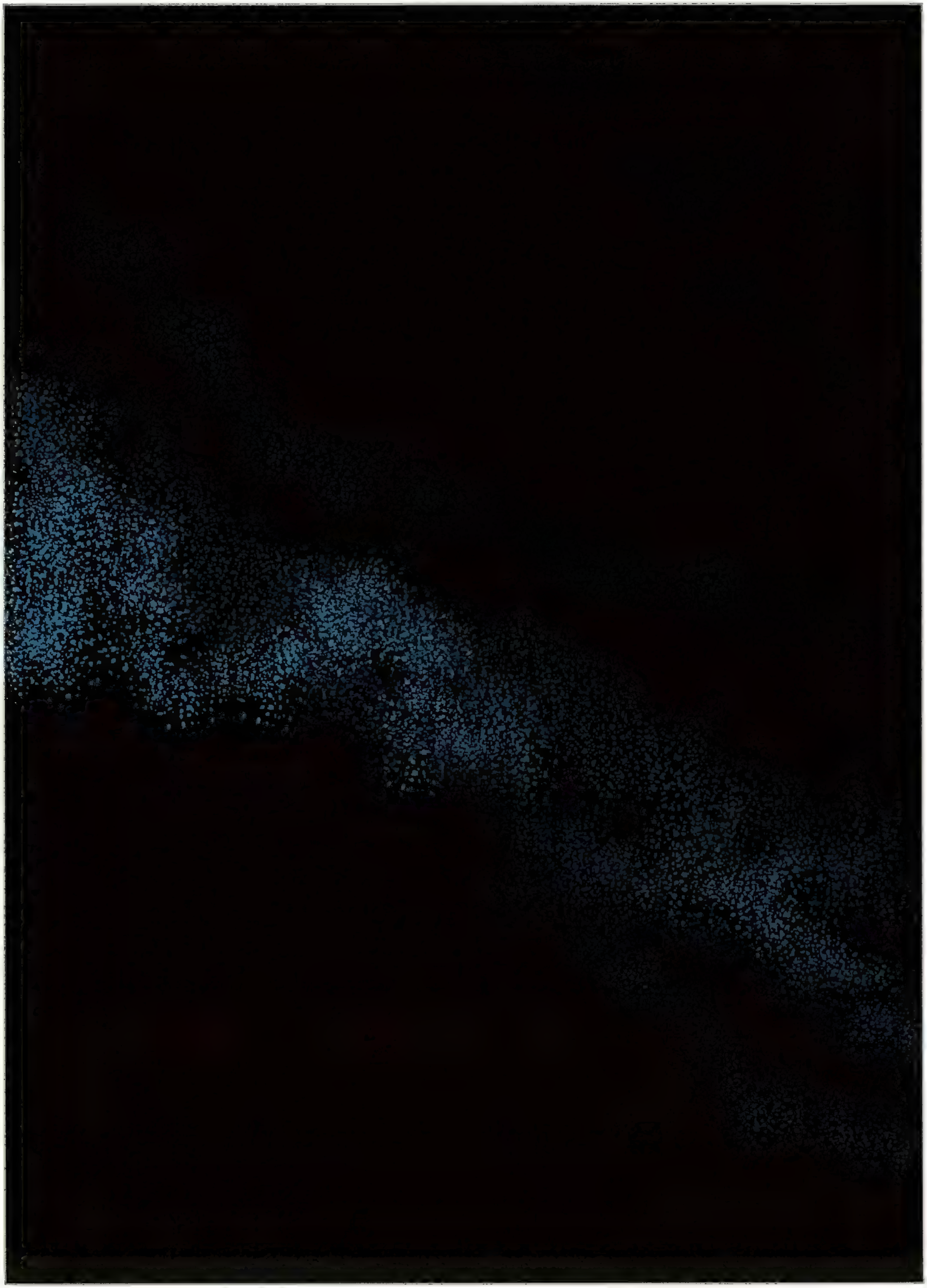
DRRIN!
DRIN!
COMING, COMING!
YAWN! YES, CAN I HELP YOU, GOOD DAY?
GOOD DAY, SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, IS DREX HOME?
WHAT. YAWN... WELL, I AM DREX...
!??
HEH HEH... I WAS TRYING ON A CARNIVAL COSTUME!
COME IN, FRIDA!
YOU WERE NEVER INTO MASQUERADES...
..WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER.
I'LL TAKE OFF THE JACKET!
DON'T!
PUT THE HEADSCARF BACK ON!
LIKE THIS?
I'M TURNED ON.
KISS ME...
LIKE A GRANDMA.
JODLEIHO!

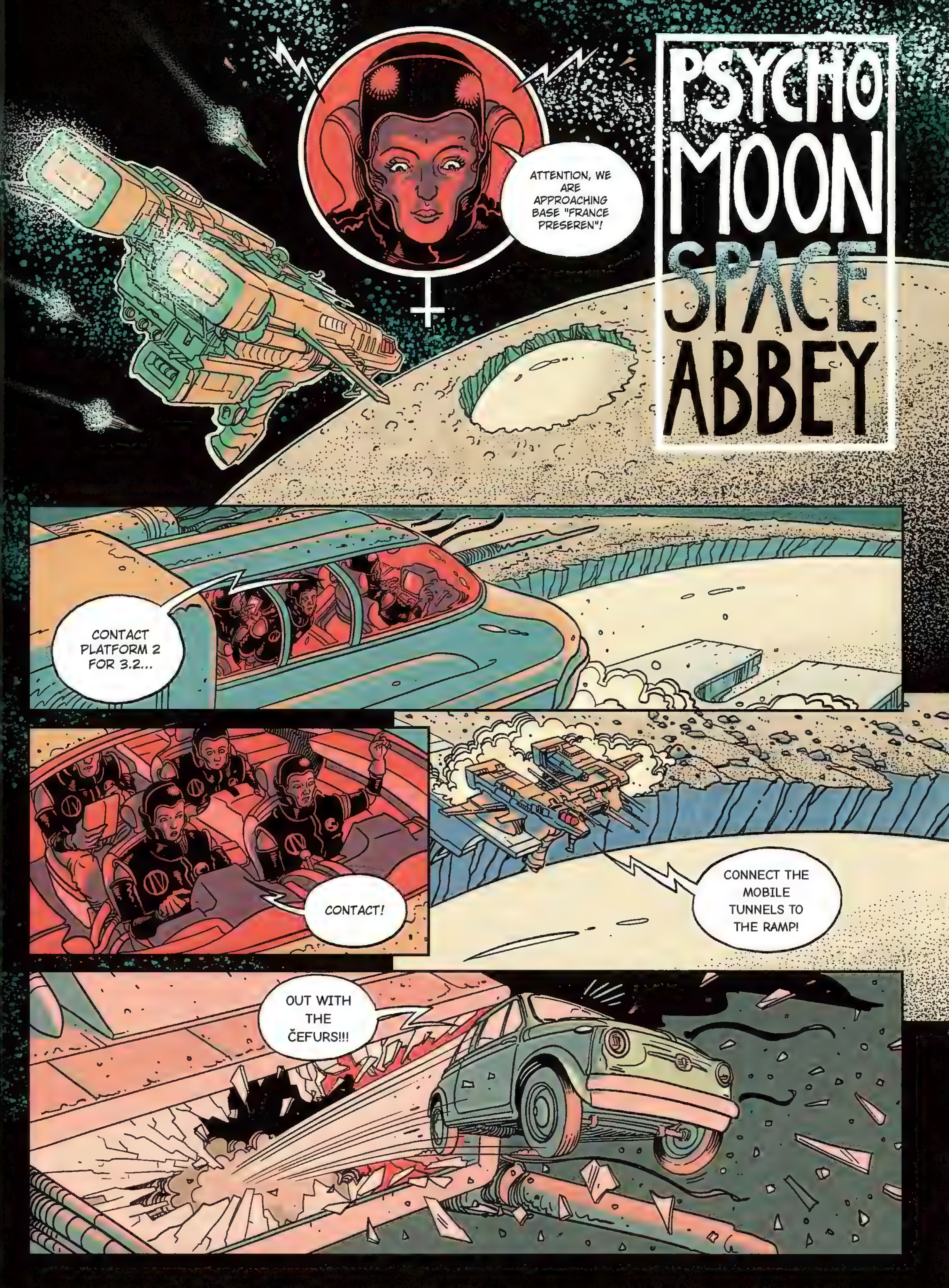
YES. WITH AN EX. IMAGINE THAT...
HE SHOULD BE BACK ANY MINUTE!
DRRIIN!!
THERE SHE IS!
TALK SOON!
DEAR ...
...I FOUND THE LINGERIE TOO!
HELLO THERE!
MS. DURAKOTO, I PRESUME?
ARGH...
FLOP
GREAT! TAKE HER TO THE TRANSPORTER! BUT FIRST I'LL TAKE...
...A SAMPLE FOR CLONING.
YES, LORD DEMON.
HERE. AND NOW — TO THE WATERMELON!
GUU!...

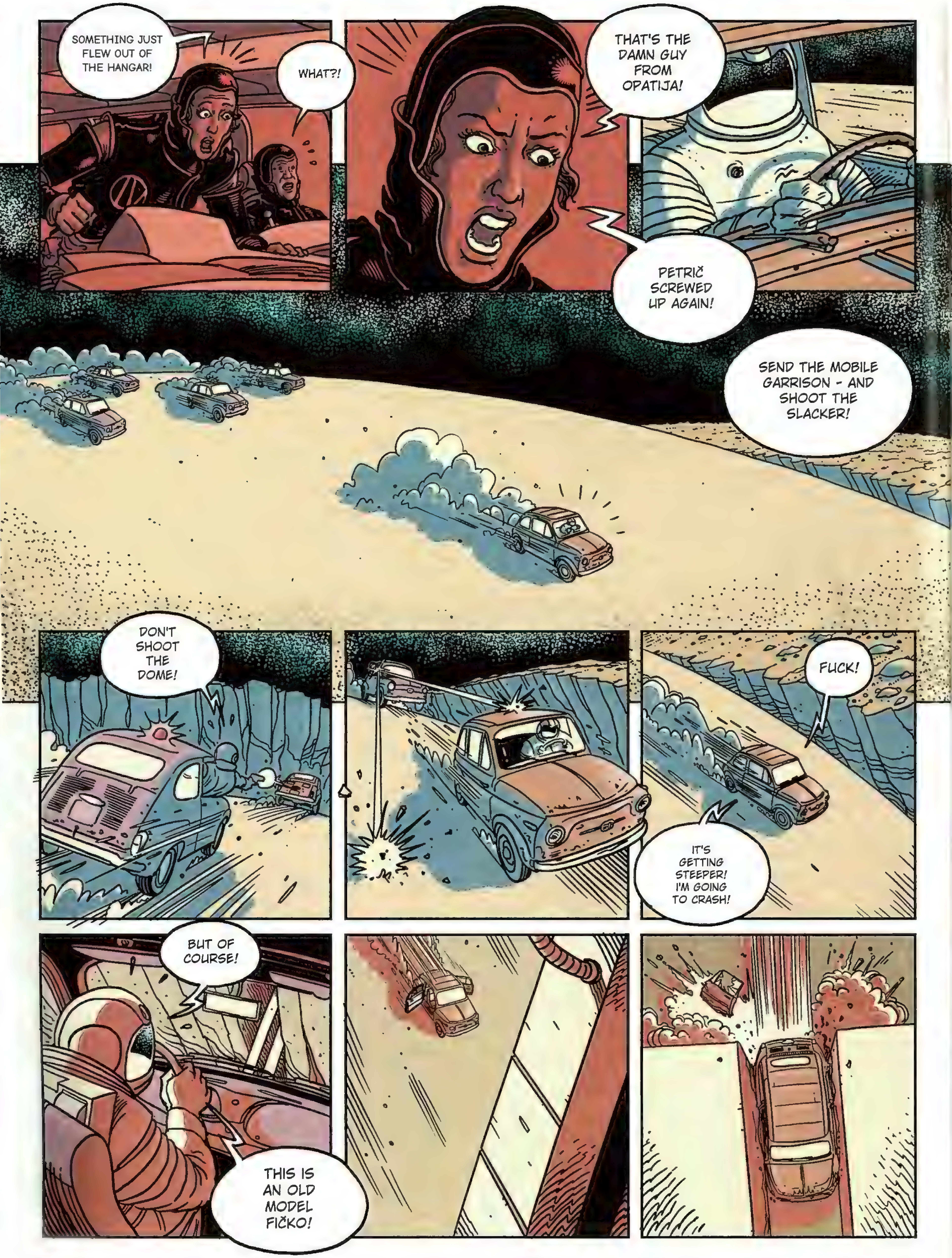
KOJI...
PSYCHO SPACE ABBEY
...
CANCELED BY NETFLIKS

YOU'VE WOKEN UP TOO EARLY, MRS. DURAKOT!
LET ME READ YOU THE SITUATION. HM...
!!
WHAT!? YOUR FRONTAL LOBE HASN'T DEVELOPED NEARLY ENOUGH! YOU'RE NOT SLOVENIAN ENOUGH...
GROAN
206
ALL SHIPS, WE HAVE AN INTRUDER!
CAPTAIN. DECLARE A CEFUR ALERT, PLEASE!
DR PETRIČ, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT ČEFUR?!
MADAM 12 ABBEY IS GENETICALLY CROATIAN! ACTUALLY, I THINK...
YES... HE'S A MAN!
WHAT A BLUNDER!
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN
YOU SPECIFICALLY LED THIS OPERATION?
YES...
YES, MADAM CAPTAIN!
WHY DIDN'T YOU CHECK THE SUBJECT'S BROCCOLI REGION OF THE BRAIN?
I... I HAD SUNGLASSES. OVER ... HALF MY FACE..
IF YOU DON'T FIND THE ČEFUR, YOU'RE BACK ON GNJUS'S BLUES DETAIL AGAIN! GOT IT?
OH, NO...

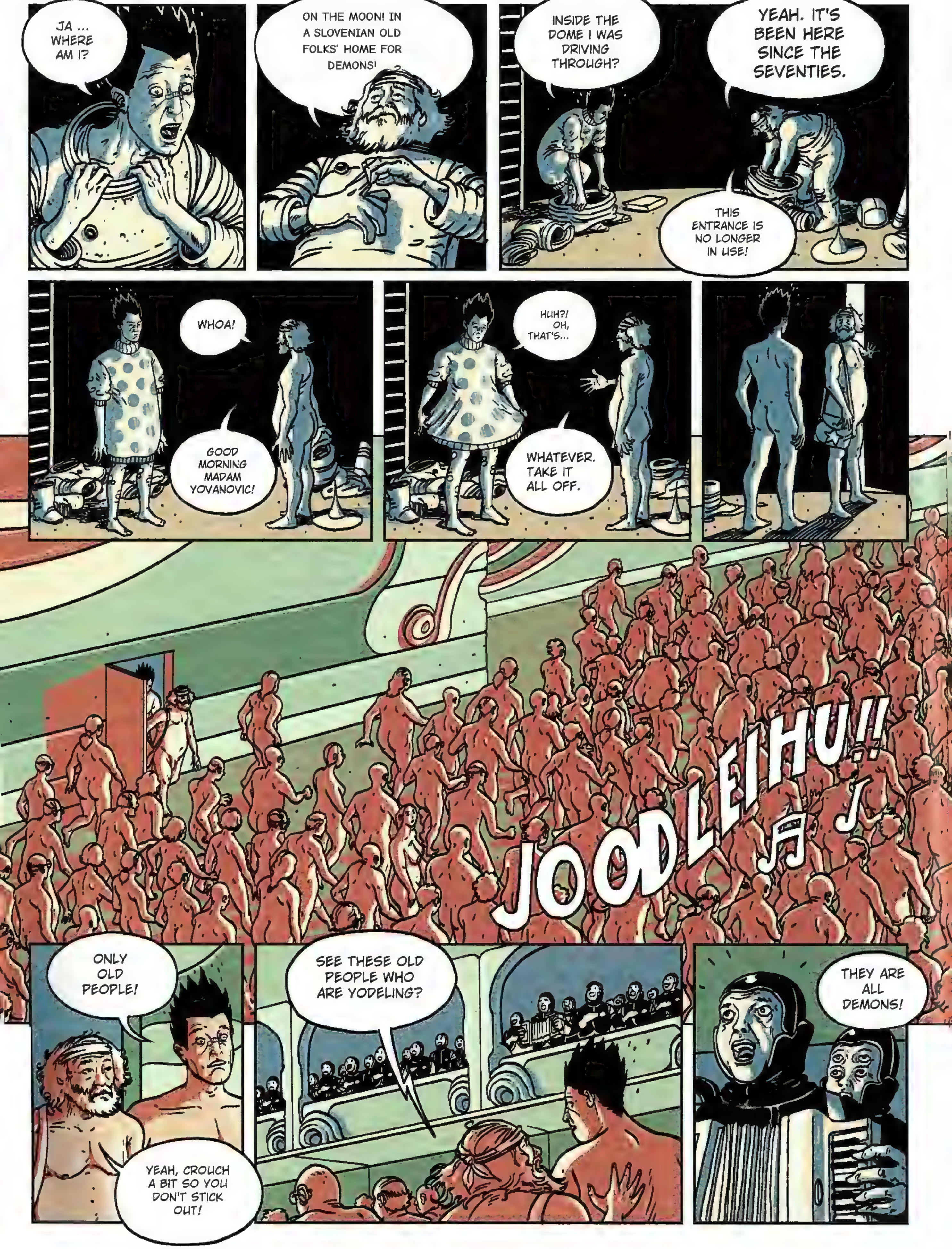
...ANYTHING
BUT GNJUS!
!!




PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY
ATTENTION, WE ARE APPROACHING BASE "FRANCE PRESEREN"!
CONTACT PLATFORM 2 FOR 3.2...
CONTACT!
CONNECT THE MOBILE TUNNELS TO THE RAMP!
OUT WITH THE ČEFURS!!!


SOMETHING JUST FLEW OUT OF THE HANGAR!
WHAT?!
THAT'S THE DAMN GUY FROM OPATIJA!
PETRIČ SCREWED UP AGAIN!
SEND THE MOBILE GARRISON - AND SHOOT THE SLACKER!
DON'T SHOOT THE DOME!
FUCK!
IT'S GETTING STEEPER! I'M GOING TO CRASH!
BUT OF COURSE!
THIS IS AN OLD MODEL FIČKO!

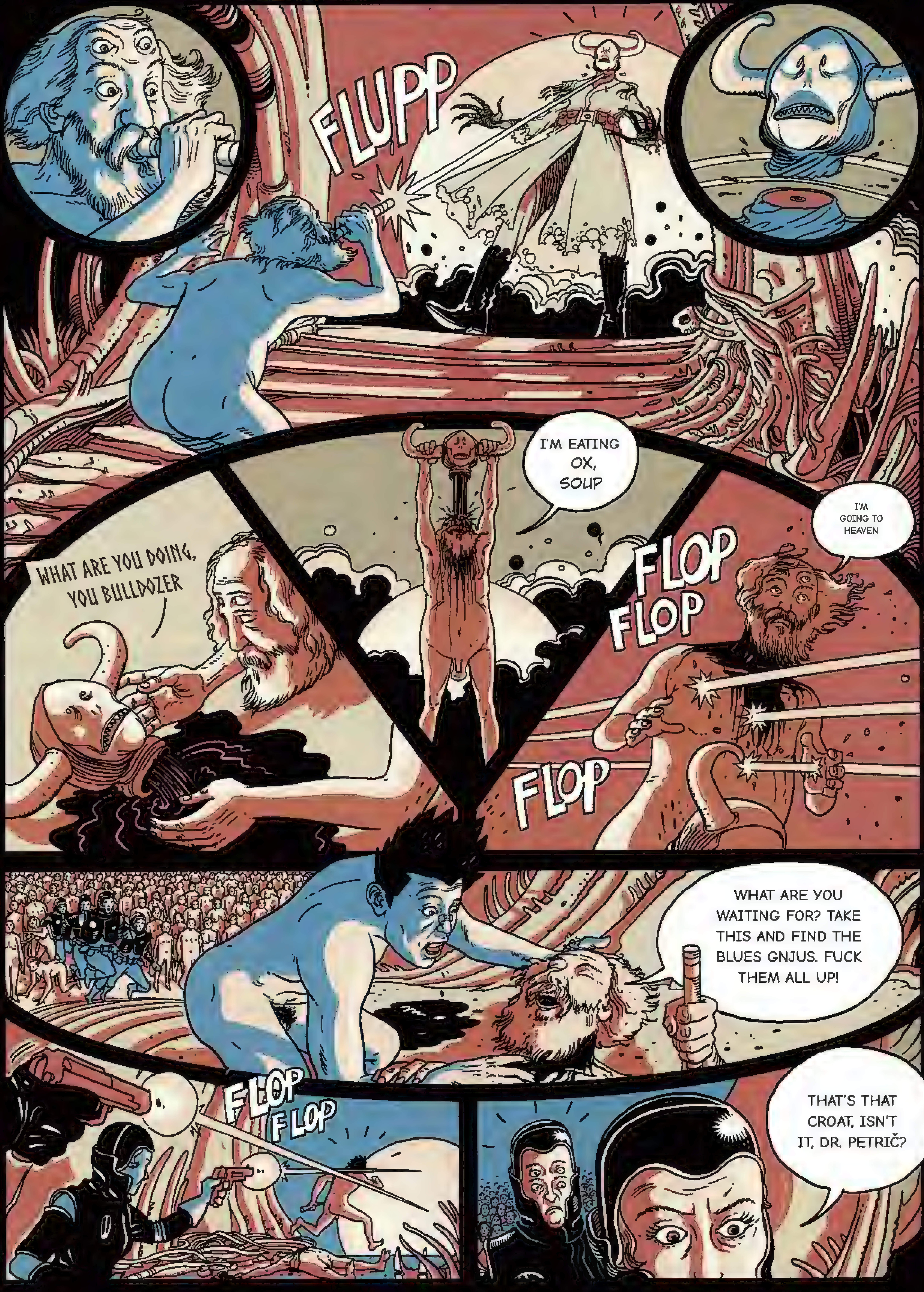
WE DON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE!
YOU'RE CROATIAN, AREN'T YOU?
HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I HEARD IT ON MY HAT RADIO.
I PICK UP SIGNALS FROM THOSE DEMONIC SONS OF BITCHES!

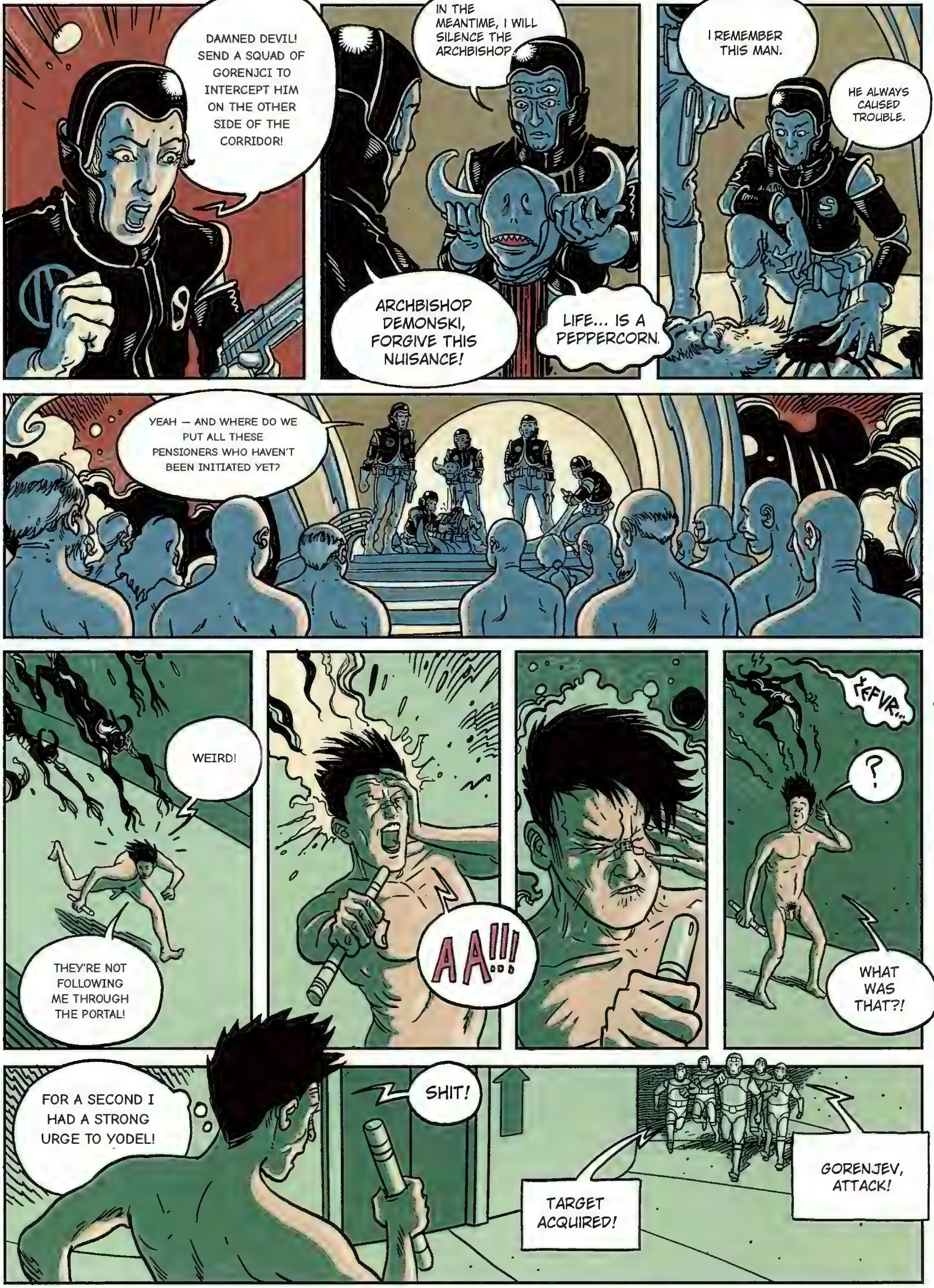


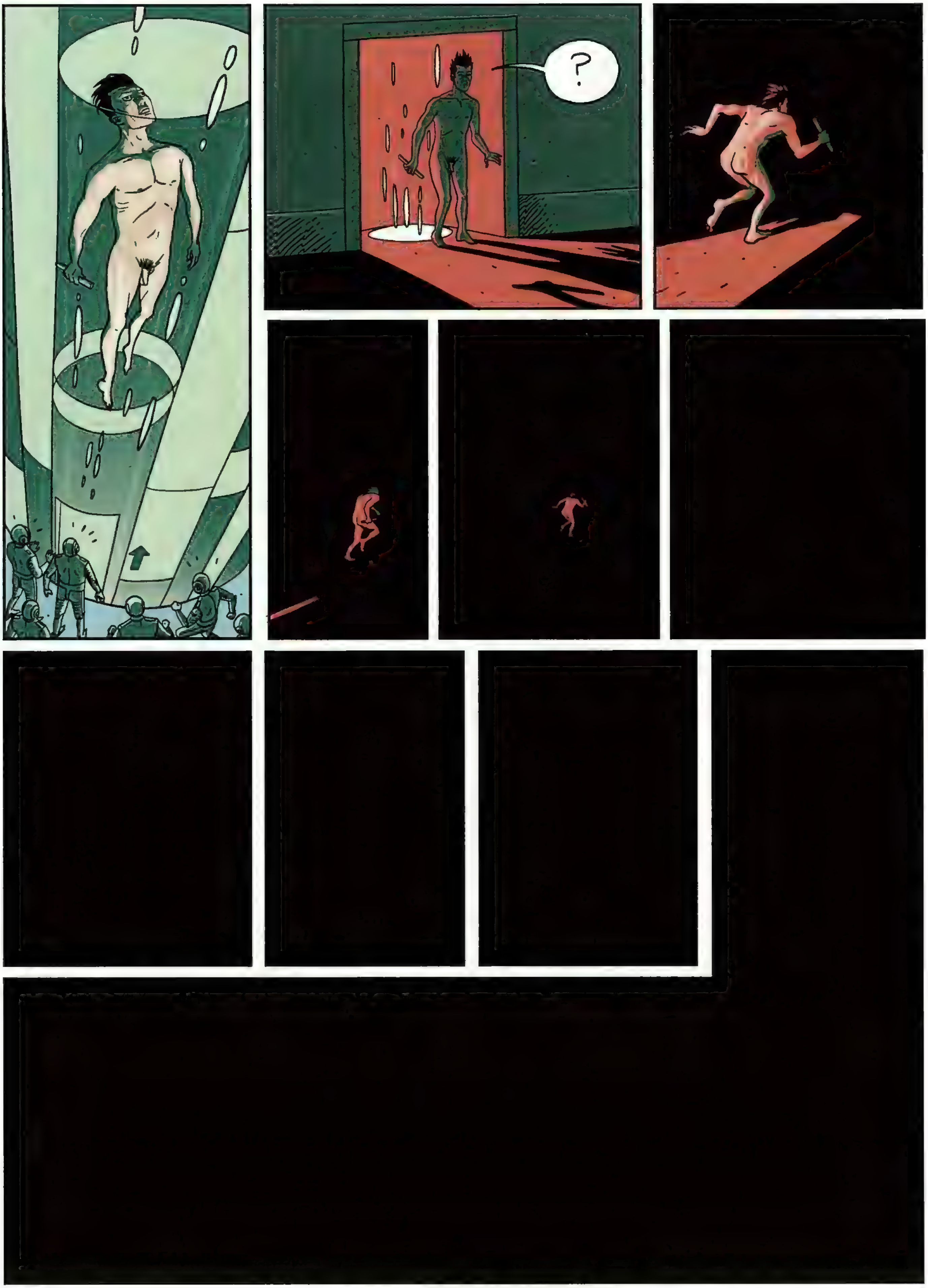
JA ... WHERE AM I?
ON THE MOON! IN A SLOVENIAN OLD FOLKS' HOME FOR DEMONS!
INSIDE THE DOME I WAS DRIVING THROUGH?
YEAH. IT'S BEEN HERE SINCE THE SEVENTIES.
THIS ENTRANCE IS NO LONGER IN USE!
WHOA!
GOOD MORNING MADAM YOVANOVIC!
HUH?! OH, THAT'S...
WHATEVER. TAKE IT ALL OFF.
JOODLEIHU!!
ONLY OLD PEOPLE!
YEAH, CROUCH A BIT SO YOU DON'T STICK OUT!
SEE THESE OLD PEOPLE WHO ARE YODELING?
THEY ARE ALL DEMONS!

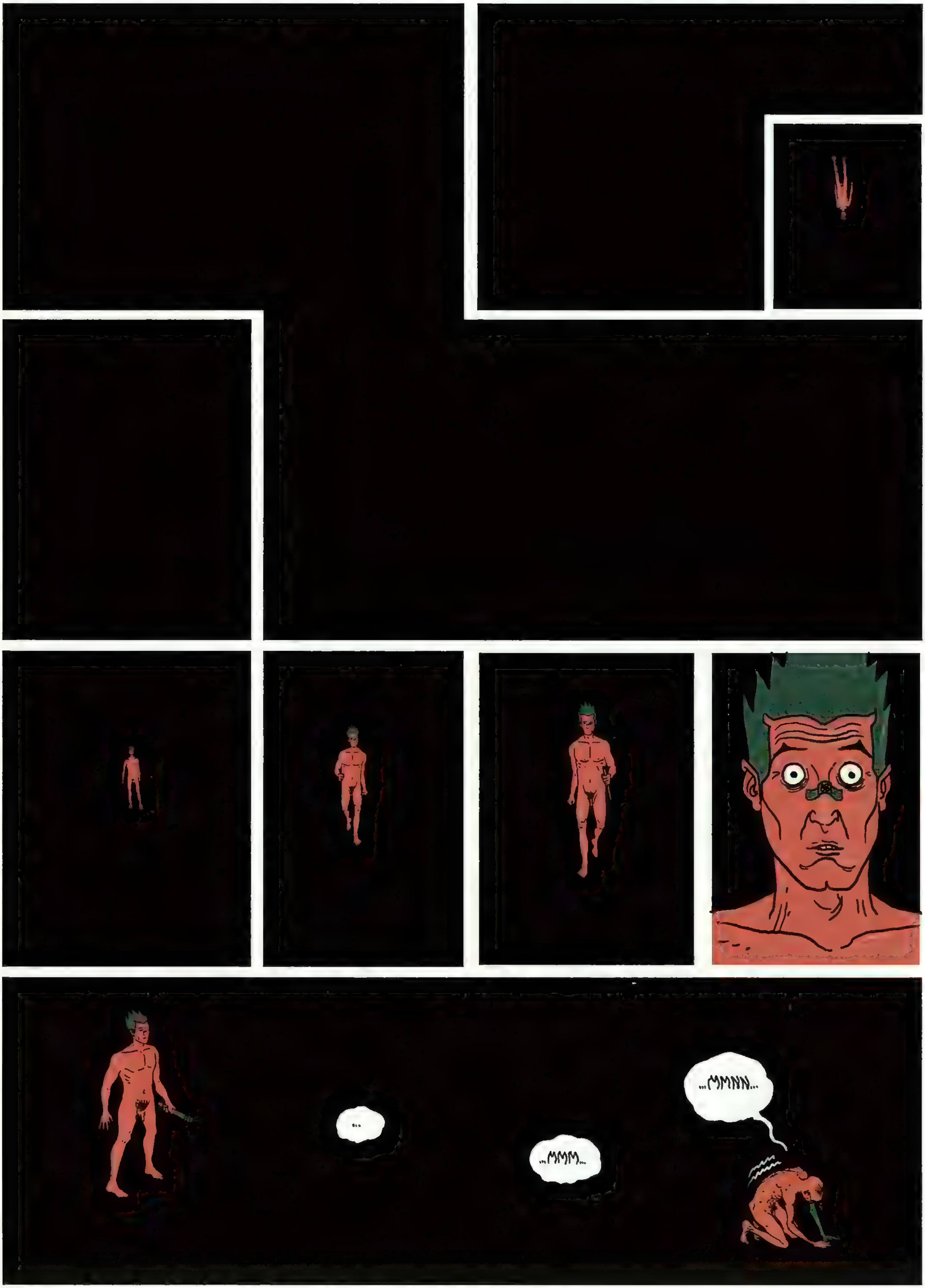
SOME OF THEM HAVE TWO PAIRS OF EYES!
SUCH ONES ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS!
THEY WERE ALL BROUGHT FROM SLOVENIA AS PENSIONERS, TOO.
AND THEY WALKED LIKE THIS, NAKED, IN A TRANCE TOWARD THE PORTAL OF UNIFICATION.
WHEN THEY PASS THROUGH, DEMONS TAKE CONTROL OF THEM!
WHAT THE FUCK?
WHY ARE WE GOING TOWARDS THAT PORTAL TOGETHER!?
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, OLD MAN? TO TURN ME INTO A DEMON?!
HEY, KEEP IT DOWN! THEY MAY BE IN A TRANCE, BUT STILL... LISTEN, YOU'RE NOT A SLOVENE...
YOU DON'T WANT TO BECOME ONE OF THEM!
THAT'S WHY I NEED YOU! WHILE I CREATE A DIVERSION, YOU WILL RUN UP THE STAIRS THROUGH THE PORTAL!
ON THE OTHER SIDE YOU WILL FIND ANOTHER CROAT, OLD BLUES GUY. YOU...
YOU HAVE TO GIVE HIM THIS!
BUT FIRST — MY FINAL PERFORMANCE!

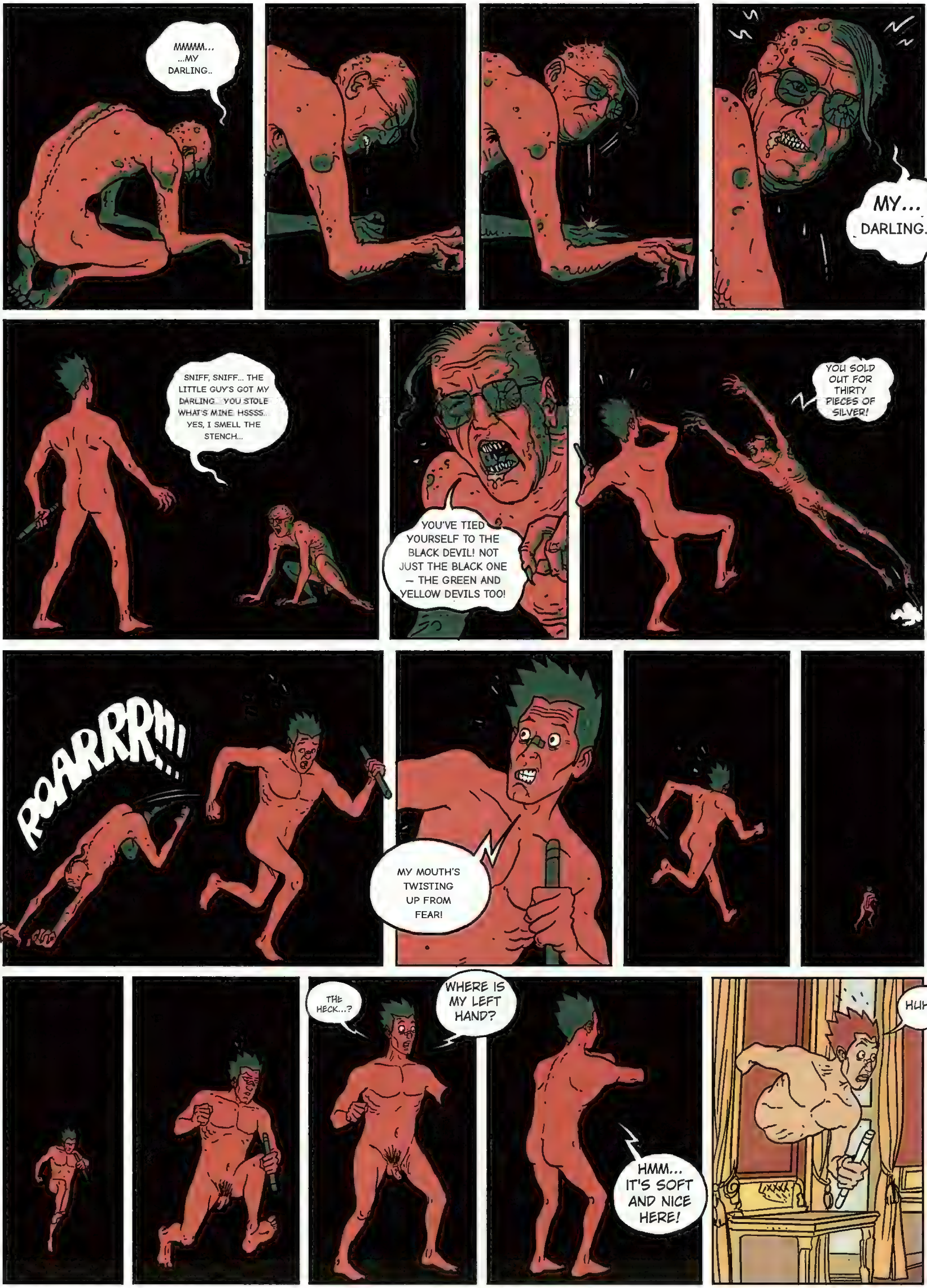
OH, WELL, THAT'S LIFE...
I'LL NEED ALL EYES ON THIS!
A DEMON!?
NOT TO WORRY. I HAVE THINGS IN CHECK WITH MY WINDS AND EMBERS.
STOP THEM!
YUM...

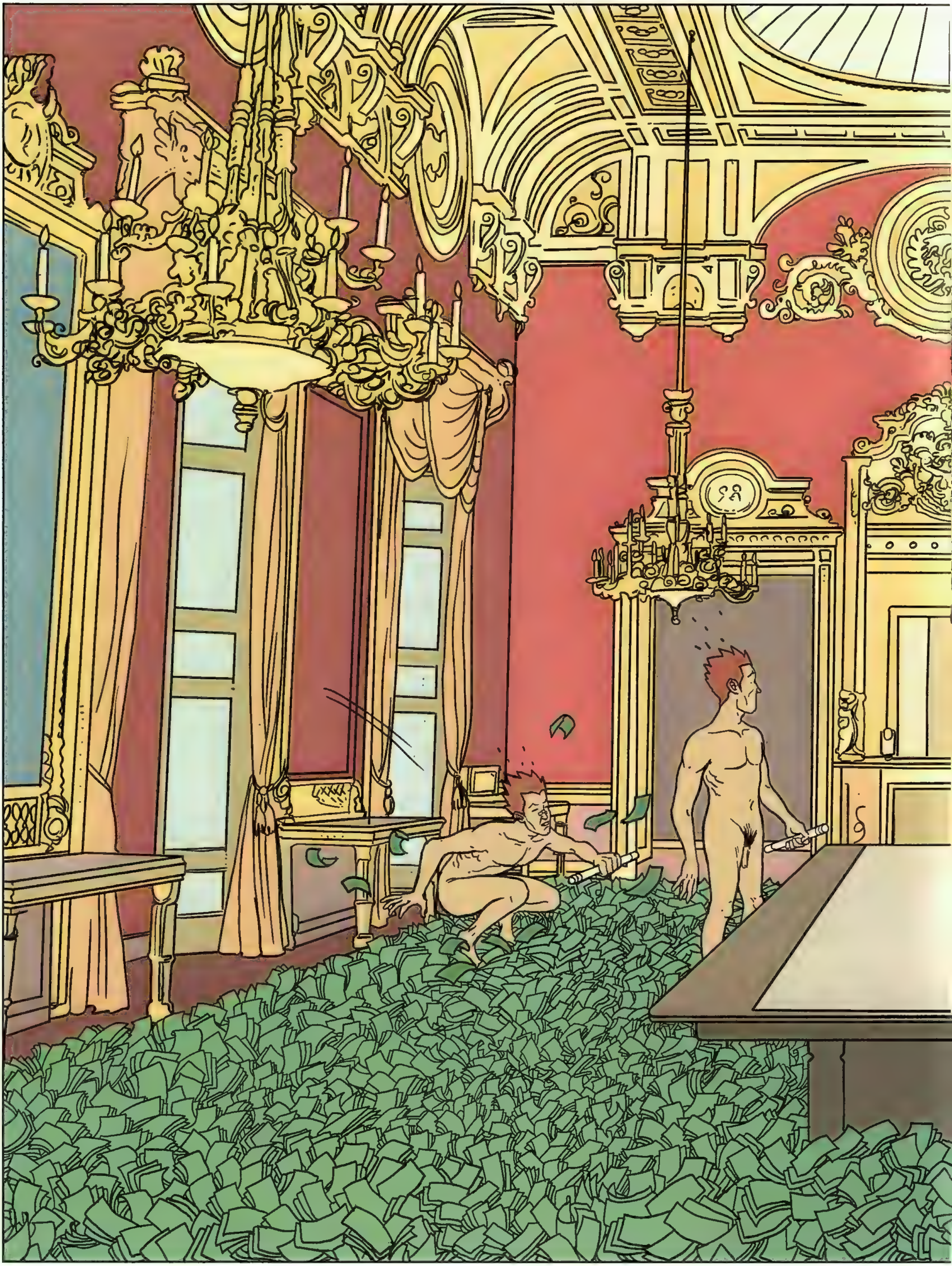

FLUPP
I'M EATING OX, SOUP
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU BULLDOZER
I'M GOING TO HEAVEN
FLOP
FLOP
FLOP
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TAKE THIS AND FIND THE BLUES GNJUS. FUCK THEM ALL UP!
FLOP
FLOP
THAT'S THAT CROAT, ISN'T IT, DR. PETRIČ?

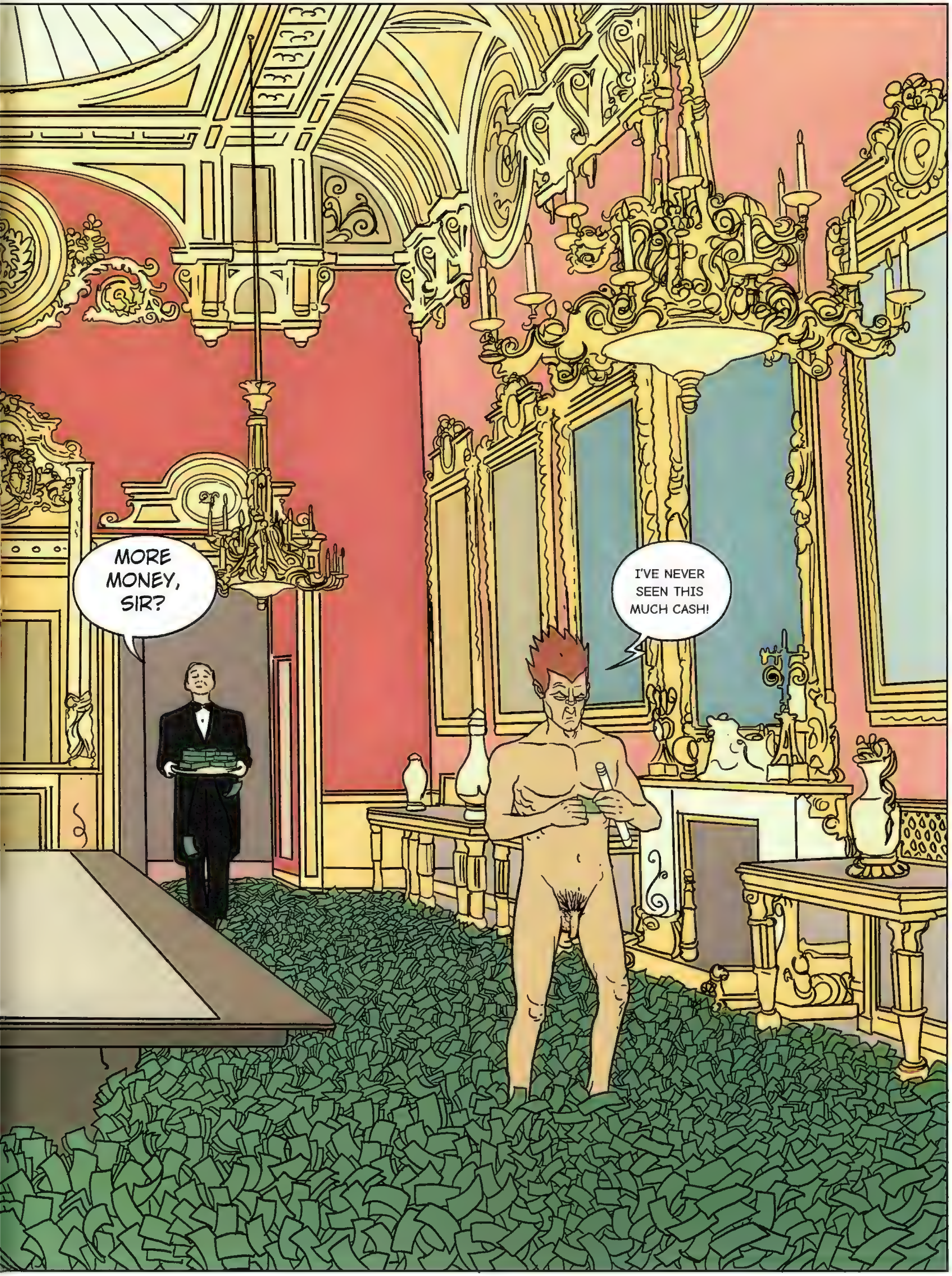

DAMNED DEVIL! SEND A SQUAD OF GORENJCI TO INTERCEPT HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CORRIDOR!
IN THE MEANTIME, I WILL SILENCE THE ARCHBISHOP.
ARCHBISHOP DEMONSKI, FORGIVE THIS NUISANCE!
LIFE... IS A PEPPERCORN.
I REMEMBER THIS MAN.
HE ALWAYS CAUSED TROUBLE.
YEAH — AND WHERE DO WE PUT ALL THESE PENSIONERS WHO HAVEN'T BEEN INITIATED YET?
WEIRD!
THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING ME THROUGH THE PORTAL!
AA!!!
ZFVR...
?
WHAT WAS THAT?!
FOR A SECOND I HAD A STRONG URGE TO YODEL!
SHIT!
TARGET ACQUIRED!
GORENJEV, ATTACK!

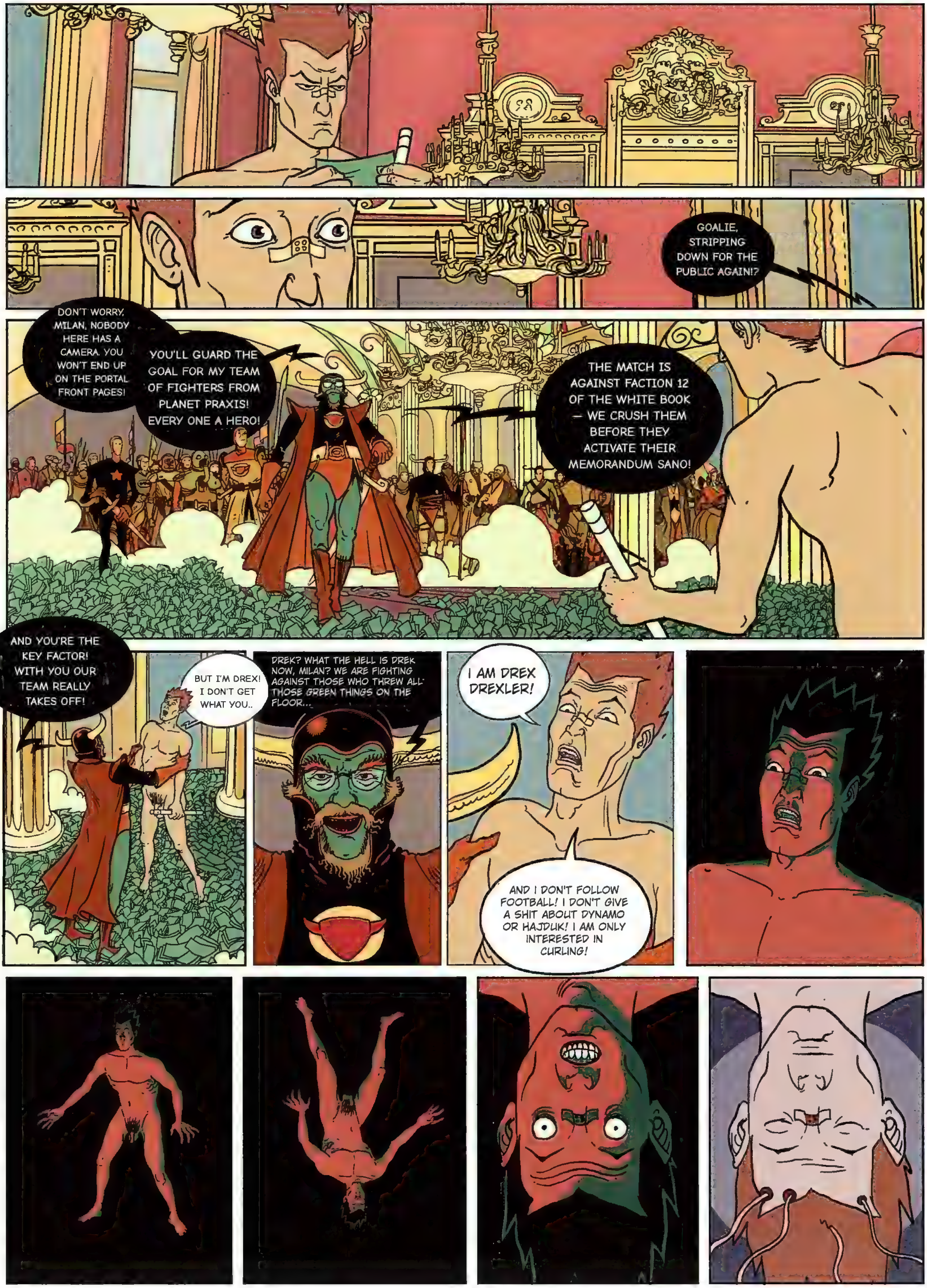



...
...MMM...
...MMNN...


MMMM...
...MY DARLING..
MY... DARLING...
SNIFF, SNIFF... THE LITTLE GUY'S GOT MY DARLING... YOU STOLE WHAT'S MINE. HSSSS... YES, I SMELL THE STENCH...
YOU'VE TIED YOURSELF TO THE BLACK DEVIL! NOT JUST THE BLACK ONE – THE GREEN AND YELLOW DEVILS TOO!
YOU SOLD OUT FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!
ROARRRH!!
MY MOUTH'S TWISTING UP FROM FEAR!
THE HECK...?
WHERE IS MY LEFT HAND?
HMM... IT'S SOFT AND NICE HERE!
HUH?!

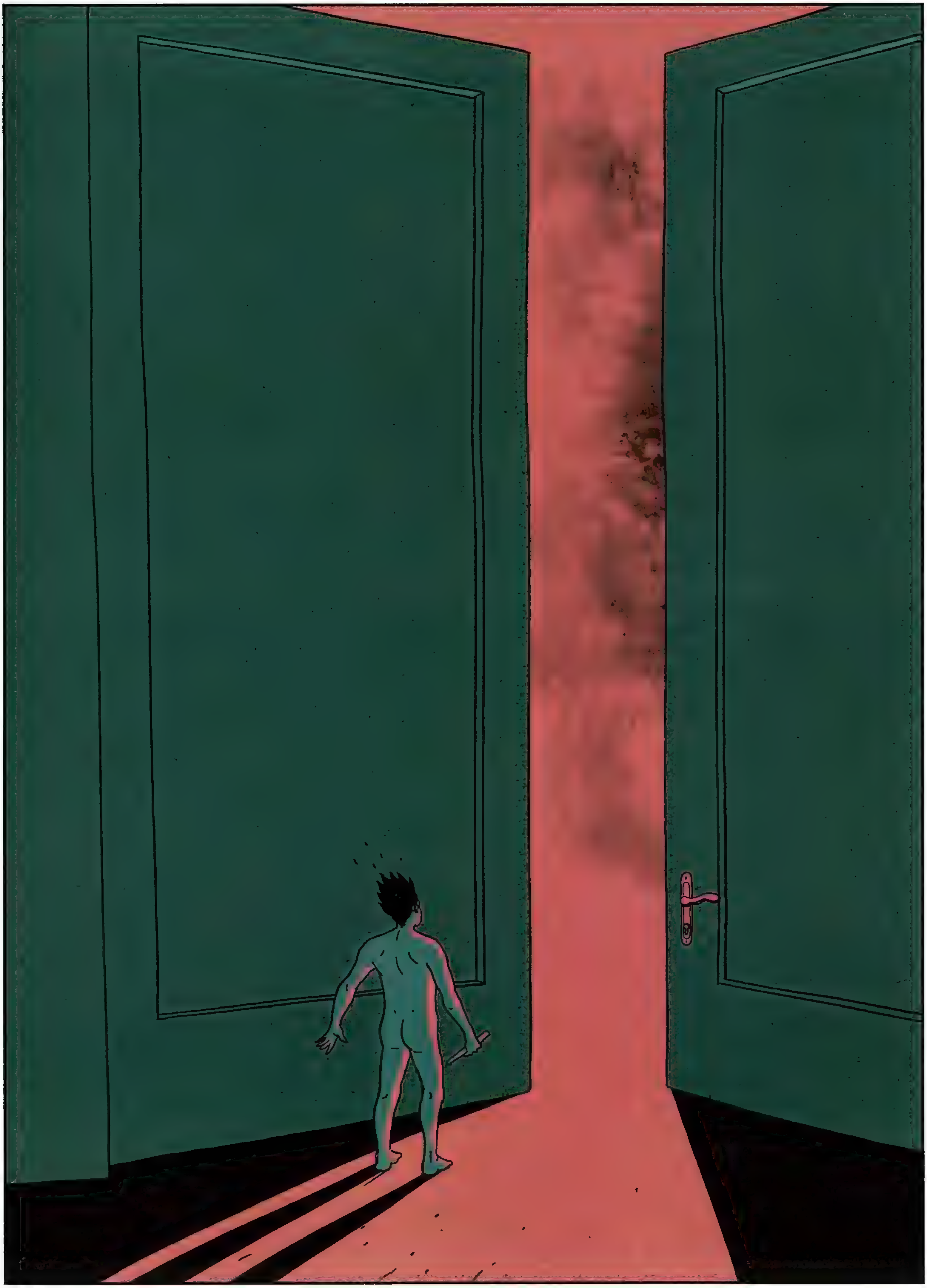



MORE MONEY, SIR?
I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MUCH CASH!


GOALIE, STRIPPING DOWN FOR THE PUBLIC AGAIN!?
DON'T WORRY, MILAN, NOBODY HERE HAS A CAMERA. YOU WON'T END UP ON THE PORTAL FRONT PAGES!
YOU'LL GUARD THE GOAL FOR MY TEAM OF FIGHTERS FROM PLANET PRAXIS! EVERY ONE A HERO!
THE MATCH IS AGAINST FACTION 12 OF THE WHITE BOOK – WE CRUSH THEM BEFORE THEY ACTIVATE THEIR MEMORANDUM SANO!
AND YOU'RE THE KEY FACTOR! WITH YOU OUR TEAM REALLY TAKES OFF!
BUT I'M DREX! I DON'T GET WHAT YOU..
DREK? WHAT THE HELL IS DREK NOW, MILAN? WE ARE FIGHTING AGAINST THOSE WHO THREW ALL THOSE GREEN THINGS ON THE FLOOR...
I AM DREX DREXLER!
AND I DON'T FOLLOW FOOTBALL! I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT DYNAMO OR HAJDUK! I AM ONLY INTERESTED IN CURLING!

ROBO-WEAVER PURGERS OF TKALČIĆEVA ST. USE A SUPER-LOOM TO WEAVE DREX'S BRAIN-FOLDS.
CALIBRATION PROCEDURE COMPLETE!
SO, EVERYTHING'S READY! HEY, YOU TWO. ARE — WEAVING?
NO, PURGER 3 AND I RUB SO HIS LEGS DON'T GO NUMB.
YES — THE FRICTION FROM THE RUBBING WILL SPEED UP ERASING HIS MEMORIES.
PURGER 1, ARE YOU WEAVING?
TAKATAKATAKATAKA! KATAKAKA
I'M WEAVING WEAVING... THE SUBJECT IS RESISTING! NEGATIVE EMOTIONS AGAINST...
...FOOTBALL MATCHES. WE MUST BLOCK THAT ABERRATION.
THERE, I'VE TIED A KNOT IN HIS BRAIN FOLDS!
HE WHO WEAVES, RECEIVES DOUBLE!
ZAP!
WE'VE WOVEN A NEW SPECIMEN FROM THE OLD FABRIC!
HEY, FABRIC — ARE YOU A BAD BLUE BOY OR A TORCIDA?
I... I AM...
.CURLING FOREVER!

WHO AM I?
WHO AM I?
WHAT AM I?
THEY TOLD ME I AM A LONG CHRONICLE OF FOLLY AND CRIME.
WHAT AM I?
BUT OF COURSE!
YOU ARE HISTORY!
FUCK YOU...

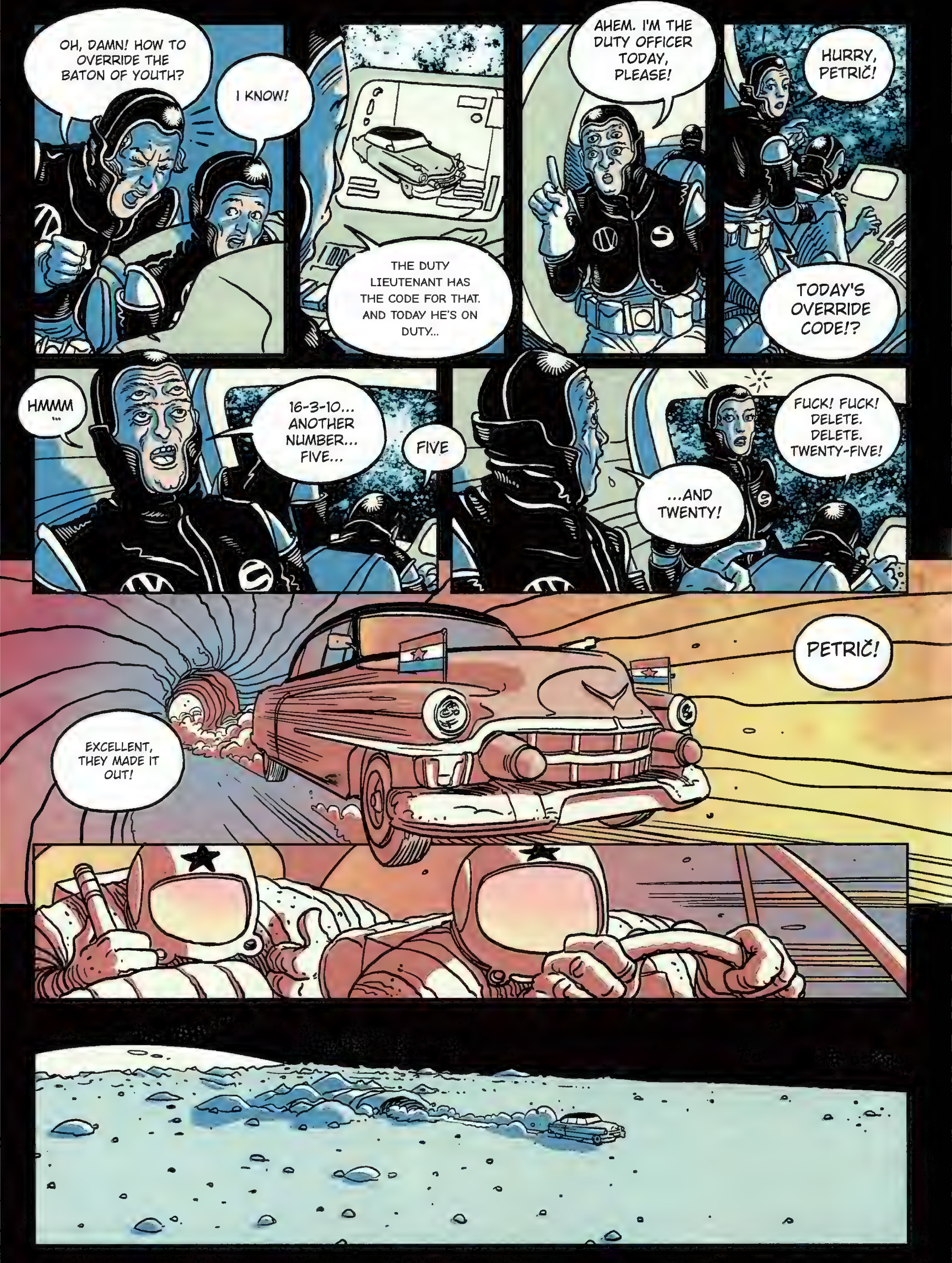


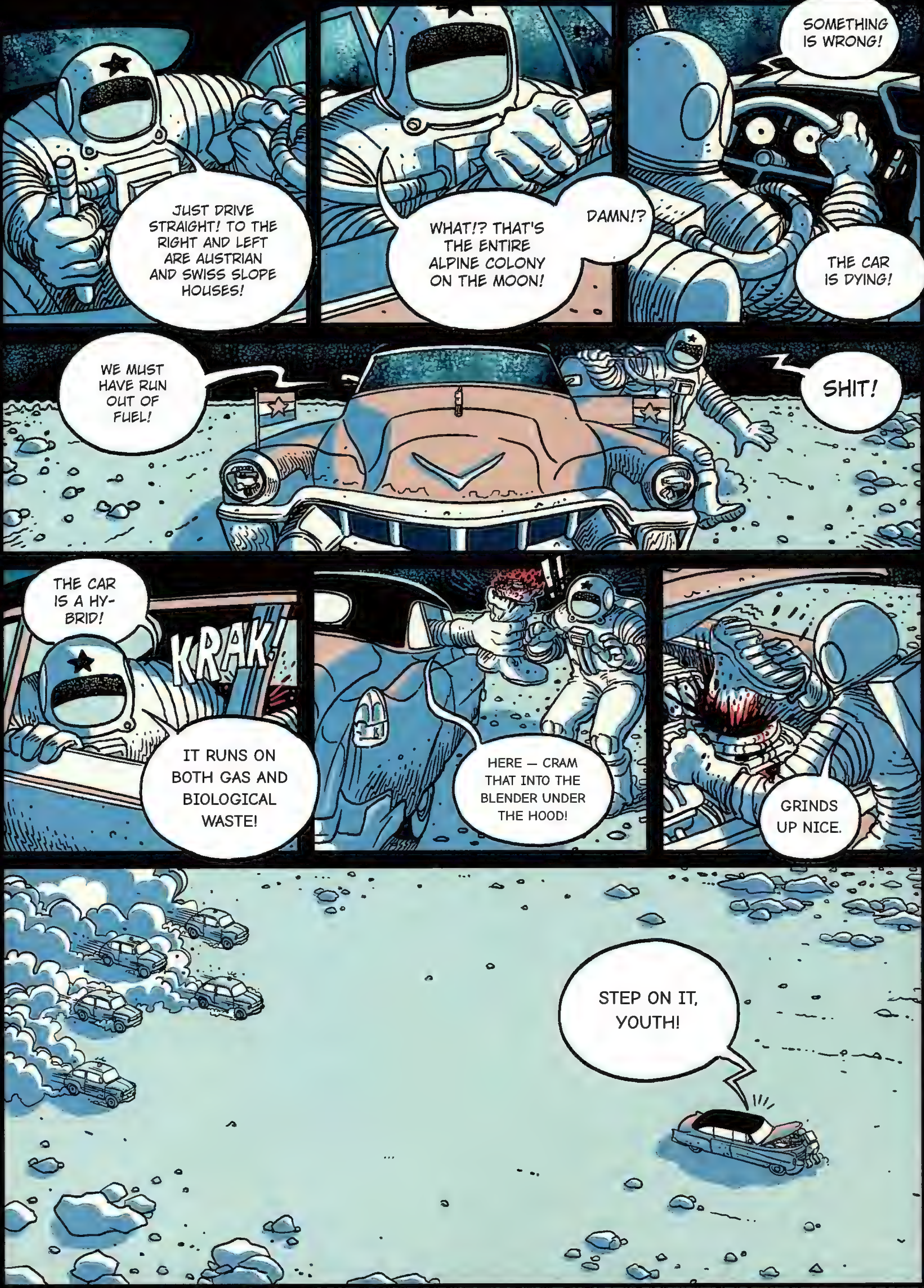
HEY, BUDDY.
YOU. ARE YOU THE ONE THEY CALL BLUES GNUS?
CALLED, YES. WHEN I REMEMBER THEY USED TO CALL ME "MY LITTLE WHITE VIOLET" ...
SO BRECELJ MADE IT! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN HE RADIOED THAT SOMEONE WAS COMING — HOW SHALL I PUT IT — OF MY OWN NATIONALITY!
I SEE — HE GAVE YOU THE LAST YOUTH RELAY! VERY GOOD.
?
THEY GAVE IT TO ME IN MAY OF '79. IN PRISTINA. I WAS ALREADY HERE THE FOLLOWING YEAR!
THAT BATON IS A POWERFUL THING! IT OPENS ALL DOORS! YOU COULD HAVE EASILY GOTTEN IN HERE TOO, IF YOU HAD SHOWN IT TO THE GUARD.

PUT IT IN MY HANDS, YOUNG MAN!
LAST TIME I DIDN'T HOLD IT EVEN 10 SECONDS.
HERE YOU GO, MR. GNJUS!
OH!
I FEEL THE POWERFUL ENERGY OF OUR PEOPLES AND NATIONALITIES!
BUT I THOUGHT ONLY SLOVENES WERE HERE UNDER THE DOME. HOW COME YOU'RE...
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE! ORSON WELLES HAS BEEN HERE SINCE THE MID-80S, WHO, ALREADY SAD, HAS ALMOST COMPLETELY WASTED AWAY.
THE SLOVENES BROUGHT US HERE TO BE UNITED WITH THE DEMONS AND LIVE ETERNALLY.
THEY DIDN'T SUCCEED WITH ME AND ORSON. AH, ONCE NON-ALIGNED, ALWAYS NON-ALIGNED!
IT ALL STARTED WHEN I COOKED MY BROTHERS A GOAT'S HEAD.
NO, WAIT! IT BEGAN WITH THE AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS OF APOLLO 15.
IN 1972, AS PART OF THEIR WORLD TOUR, THEY ALSO VISITED YUGOSLAVIA...

IN SLOVENIA THEY MET OUR EMINENT SCIENTISTS...
IT WAS REVEALED TO US THAT THE AMERICANS HAD TRIED TO OBTAIN SOME KIND OF STRANGE ENERGY ON THE MOON THAT ...
...IMMEDIATELY JUMPED TO THE SLOVENES! THESE WERE DEMONS FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON!
OBSESSED SCIENTISTS QUICKLY INFORMED THE AUTHORITIES OF THEIR CONDITION. WE LEARNED THAT ON THE OTHER...
...SIDE OF THE MOON, A GIANT DEMON CRUISER HAD CRASHED – RESOURCES PRECIOUS TO OUR PEOPLES AND NATIONALITIES.
WITH DEMONIC KNOWLEDGE, WE SUCCESSFULLY BUILT A SPACE PROGRAM IN SECRET AT GOLEM VRH AND WENT TO THE MOON.
IT TURNED OUT THAT HUMAN LIFESPAN ON THE MOON IS MULTIPLIED TENFOLD UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DEMONS, SO WE BUILT THIS DOME FOR HABITATION.
IN APRIL '80, I ALSO MOVED HERE DUE TO ILLNESS. MY CLONE, WHICH THEY WERE MAKING FROM A WATERMELON AT THE TIME, DIED IN LJUBLJANA IN MAY.
BUT, DAMN IT! IT TURNED OUT THAT ONLY SLOVENES HAVE A SUFFICIENTLY DEVELOPED FRONTAL LOBE IN THEIR BRAINS FOR SYMBIOSIS WITH DEMONS!
THE SUPREMELY DEVELOPED BROCA'S AREA IN YODELERS IS PERFECTLY RECEPTIVE TO DEMONS.
BUT NOT ALL SLOVENES ONLY THOSE WHO YODELED SINCE YOUTH ONLY THEIR BRAIN CAN ENDURE DEMONS! SO HERE I ROT AWAY.
THEY PUMP ME WITH INFUSIONS OF CLONED SLOVENE EMBRYOS.
BUT IT'S TIME FOR THE TWO OF US TO END THIS.

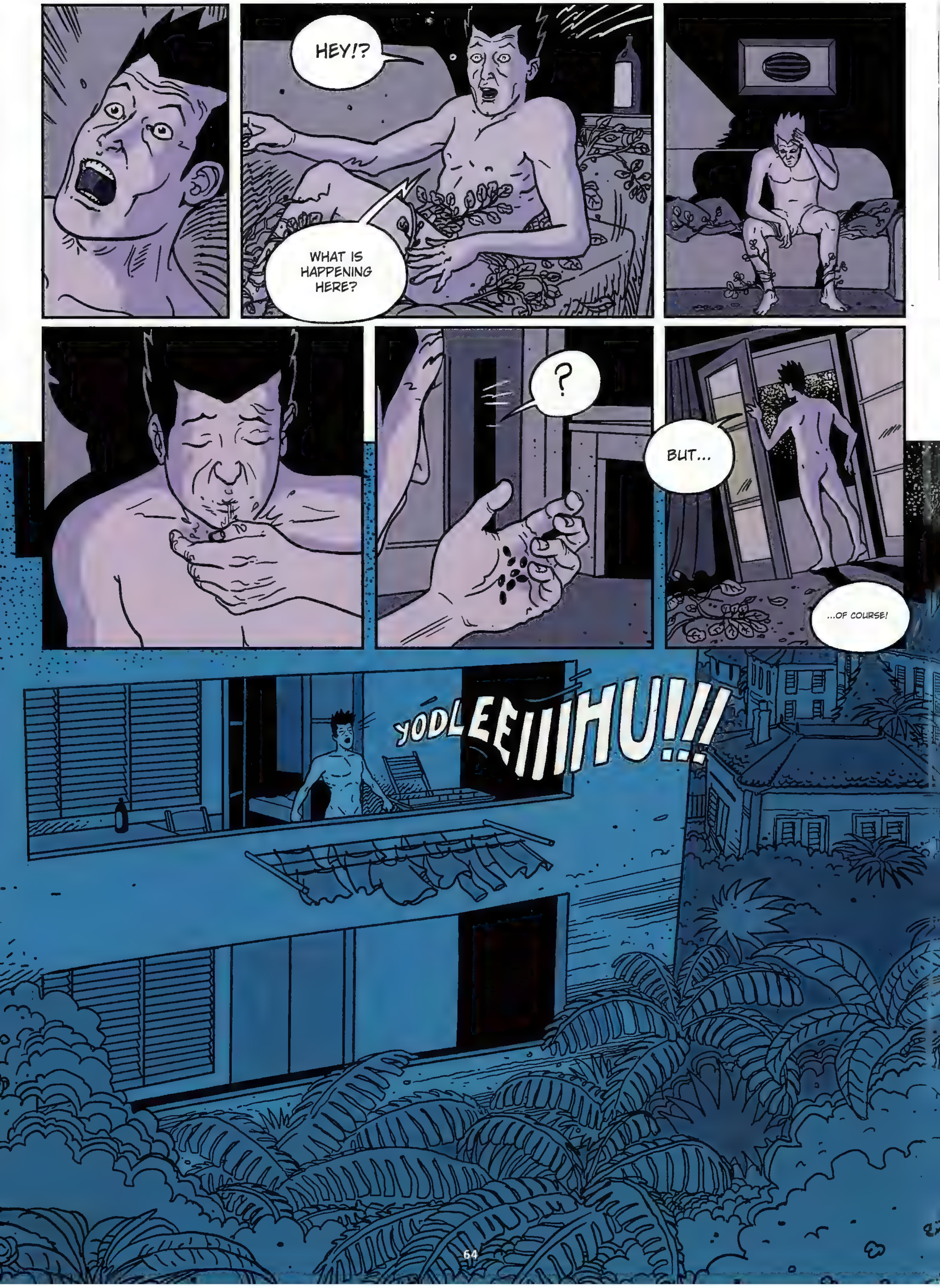
DR. PETRIČ ...
IS THERE REALLY NO END TO YOUR INCOMPETENCE?
NO END! BUT... IT IS THE END!
YES...
WE'VE JUST LEARNED THAT OLD BRECELJ...
...GREW MARIJUANA IN HIS FLAT. THAT'S HOW HE BLOCKED THE DEMON IN IN HIS BRAIN.
YOU SHOULD'VE CHECKED HIM WHEN HE SIGNED UP FOR THE YODELING CHOIR IN KOPER!
CAPTAIN, GNJUSE'S CADILLAC IS LEAVING THE DOME!
WHAT!?
THAT'S RIGHT BEFORE THE AIRLOCK!
BUT HOW ARE THEY GETTING PAST EVERY CHECKPOINT?!
FUCK EVERYTHING IN THE ASS!

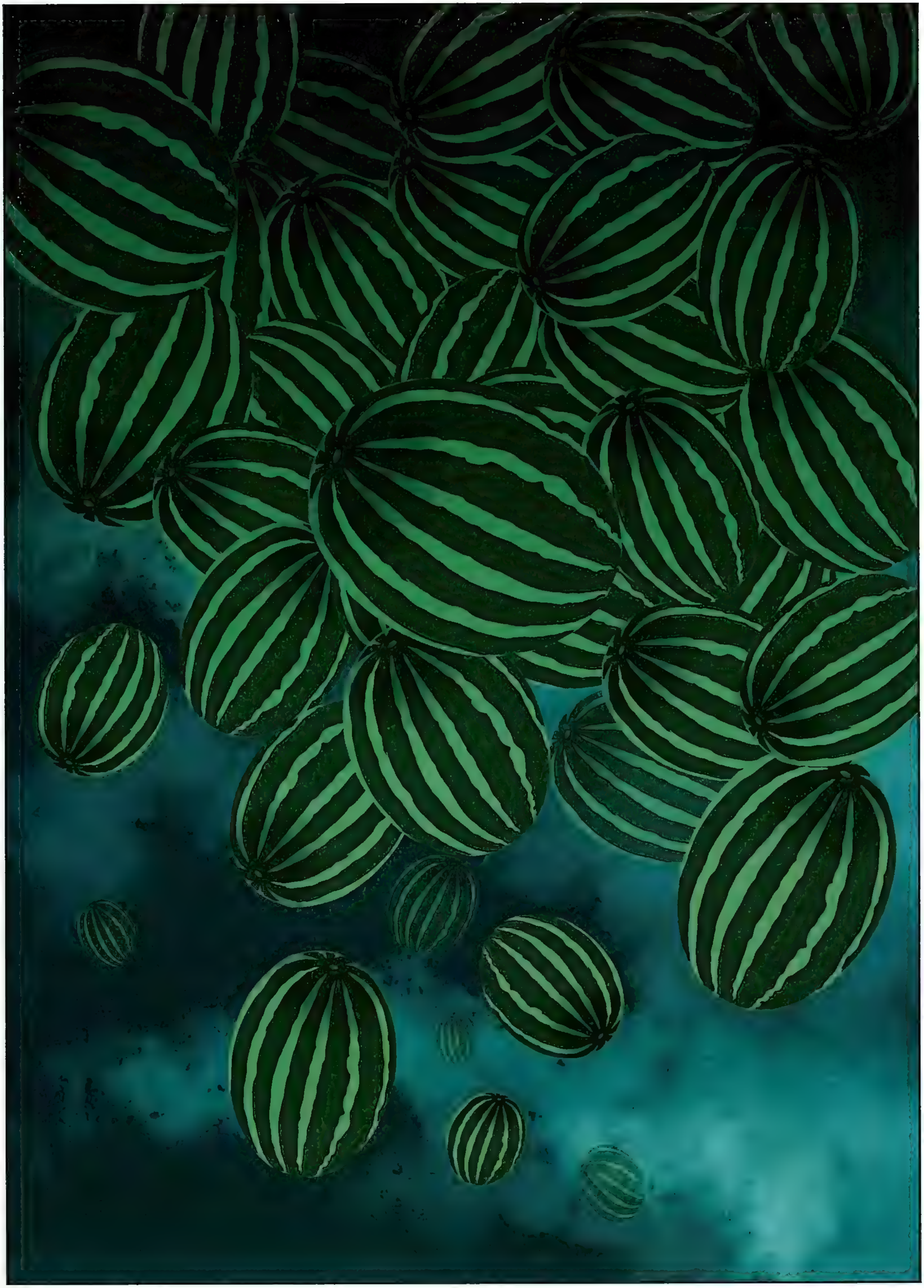

OH, DAMN! HOW TO OVERRIDE THE BATON OF YOUTH?
I KNOW!
THE DUTY LIEUTENANT HAS THE CODE FOR THAT. AND TODAY HE'S ON DUTY...
AHEM. I'M THE DUTY OFFICER TODAY, PLEASE!
HURRY, PETRIČ!
TODAY'S OVERRIDE CODE!?
HMMM ...
16-3-10... ANOTHER NUMBER... FIVE...
FIVE
...AND TWENTY!
FUCK! FUCK! DELETE. DELETE. TWENTY-FIVE!
PETRIČ!
EXCELLENT, THEY MADE IT OUT!


JUST DRIVE STRAIGHT! TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT ARE AUSTRIAN AND SWISS SLOPE HOUSES!
WHAT!? THAT'S THE ENTIRE ALPINE COLONY ON THE MOON!
DAMN!?
SOMETHING IS WRONG!
THE CAR IS DYING!
WE MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF FUEL!
SHIT!
THE CAR IS A HY-BRID!
KRAK!
IT RUNS ON BOTH GAS AND BIOLOGICAL WASTE!
HERE — CRAM THAT INTO THE BLENDER UNDER THE HOOD!
GRINDS UP NICE.
STEP ON IT, YOUTH!

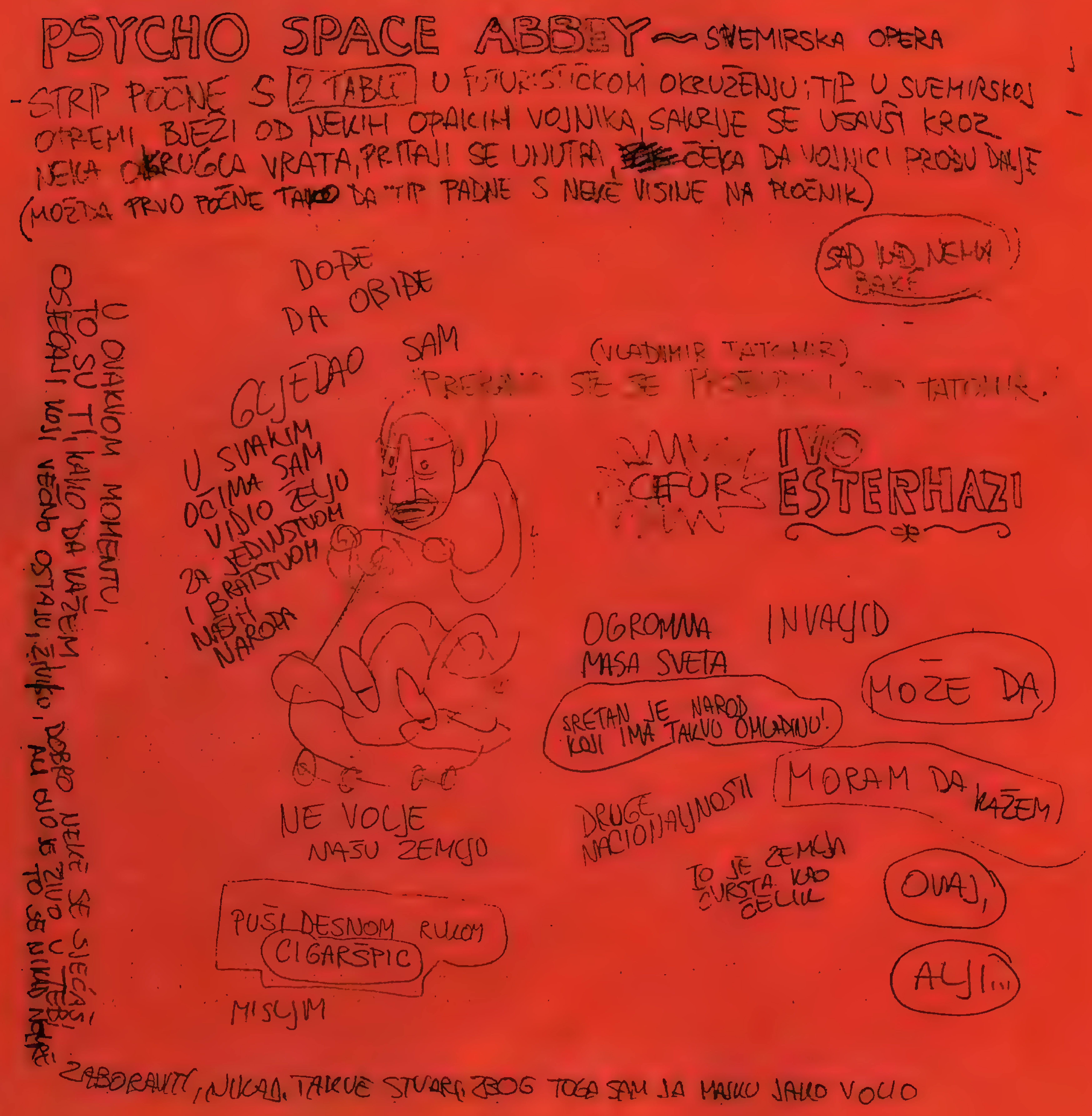
START, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!!
I'LL FALL APART BEFORE WE HIT THE AMERICAN BASE, LIKE COMRADE ORSON, WITHOUT AN EMBRYO INFUSION!
IF THE JANEZI DON'T FINISH US OFF FIRST!
WARNING: YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE VOLVO AREA!
WE MADE IT! THEY'RE LEAVING!
?
VOLVO!
*EARTH

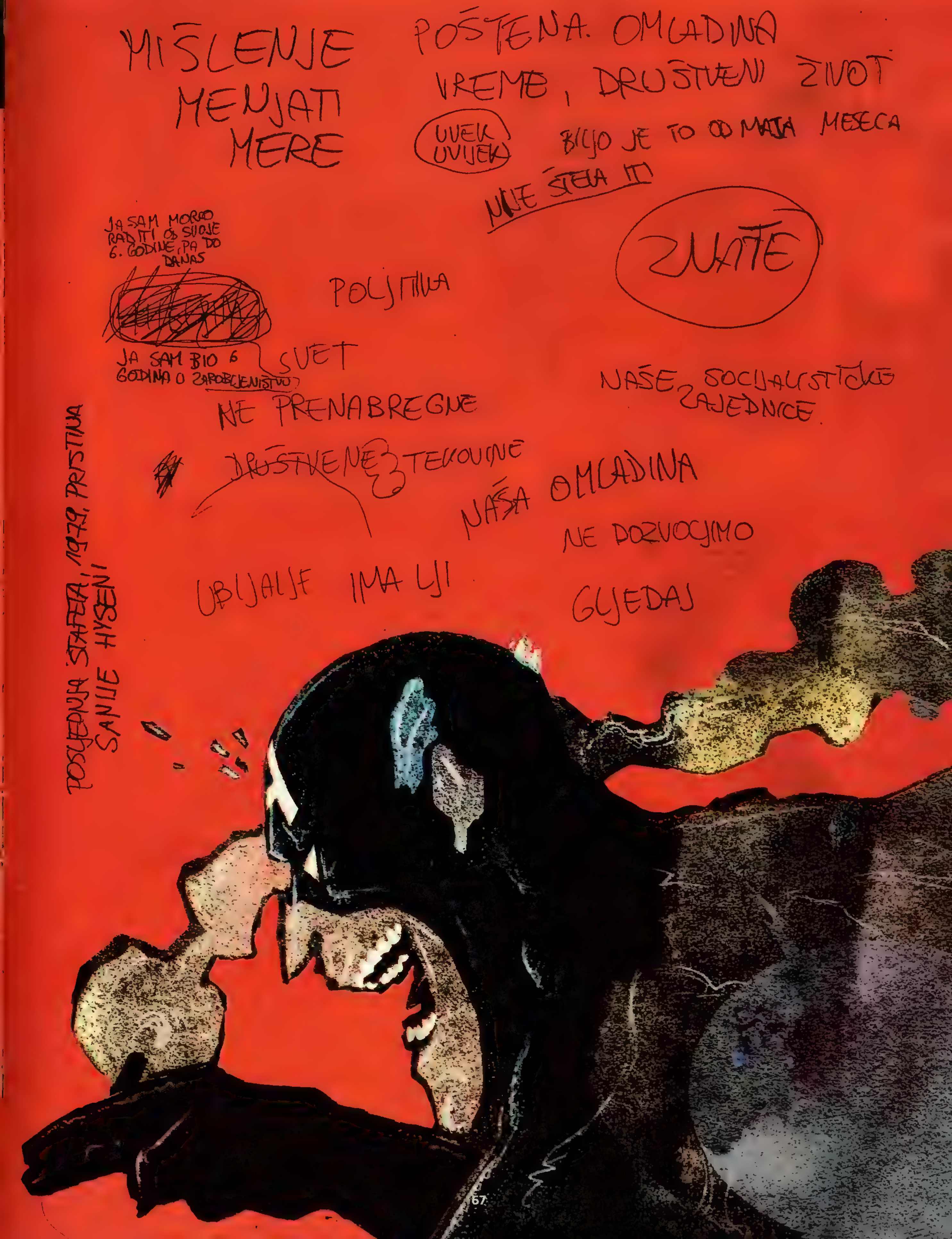
SIR, A U.D.O. IS APPROACHING US.
WE HAVE VISUAL CONTACT!
U.D.O.? WHAT'S A U.D.O.?
UNIDENTIFIED DRIVING OBJECT, SIR!
HMM... A CADILLAC SERIES 75.
JUST A MOMENT! ZOOM IN ON THE FLAGS!
THE CHINESE! BLOW 'EM OUT OF THE SKY!
YES SIR!


HEY!?
WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?
?
BUT...
...OF COURSE!
YODLEEIIIIHU!!!



Chief of Protocol's Notes




MIŠLENJE
MENJATI
MERE
POŠTENA OMLADINA
VREME, DRUŠTVENI ŽIVOT
UVEK UVIJEK
BILJO JE TO OD MAJA MESECA
NIJE ŠTELA TI
JA SAM MORAO RADITI OD SVOJE 6. GODINE, PA DO DANAS
ZNATE
POLJITIKA
JA SAM BIO 6 GODINA U ZAROBLJENIŠTVU
SVET
NAŠE SOCIJALISTIČKE ZAJEDNICE
NE PRENABREGNE
DRUŠTVENE TEKOVINE
NAŠA OMLADINA
NE DOZVOLJIMO
UBIJALI IMA LJI
GLJEDAJ
POSLJEDNJA ŠTAFETA, 1979, PRIŠTINA
SANIJE HYSENI

MARKO BREGELJ

POKRET OTPORA NA MJESECU
+
TITO U RASPADNOM STANJU
FIĆEKI - POGON: BIOLOŠKI OTPAD
VI STE...? - DA, ONAJ IZ PJESME "LJUBIČICE BIJELA"!

"ČOVJEK MOŽE BITI ODBAČEN ONSIAKO KOD EKSPLOZIJE POSLANOG PRAHA. ON BI TADA BIO OSAMLJEN, A RUKE I NOGE BI TREBAO ZAŠTITITI KAKO NE BI BILE OTRGANE." Johanness Kepler, Somnium, 1634.

PSYCHO SPACE ABBEY

The strip begins in the Abbey, transitioning to space as soon as possible.

A man in his 40s avoids painting the woodwork on the balcony or drying laundry there because he considers it women's work – something the neighbors who see him doing these tasks will think. His friend advises him over the phone that when he does these jobs, he should wear his grandmother's dress and scarf. Since the man lives in his grandmother's apartment and the grandmother, due to dementia, moved in with his parents, he has a whole closet of clothes available. Soon, he reads on the building's notice board that he is required to clean the hallway, as the tenants cannot agree on allocating money from the reserve fund for this service. He decides to also clean the hallway dressed in his grandmother's clothes. Over time, he forgets to change, and by mistake opens the door to his girlfriend, who is shocked at first and then sexually aroused like never before. Then, aliens abduct the man.

- ON ONE OF THE PLANETS WITH SPECIFIC GRAVITY, EVERYONE DRIVES FIĆEKS (SOME CHARACTERS DISCUSS WHETHER IT'S CALLED FIČEK OR FIĆEK) BECAUSE IT TURNED OUT TO BE THE PERFECT MEANS OF TRANSPORT.

– Fat people pay big money for older *fičo* models whose doors open opposite to newer models; our heroes use this to brake suddenly during an exciting action scene by opening the doors against the air resistance.

– It's been forgotten that people on Earth once raised pigs for slaughter; one character mentions raising sphinxes for slaughter.

– A character with two rows of eyes must cover the lower row with a veil, and as a result sees everything literally upside down (the upper row mirrors the image relative to the lower row; he's used to it, so he's thrown off when his lower part is darkened — reaching with a fork toward his plate, he mistakenly raises his hand above his head, endangering the others).

- Tarzan and The Abstract Truth
- Space The Final Porfirio. Frontirio? Ne, Porfirio!

MJESEC: LEVANIJA
PRIVOLBA/SUBVOLVA

IVAN DURAKOTOVIĆ

SENIORS, IF YOU CALL NOW YOU'LL BE OVER THE MOON! CALL 2776 389541

- 'VOULEZ VOU COUCHER AVEC MOIS' IS TRANSLATED AS 'WOULD YOU LIKE TO SLEEP WITH ME?'

–

The tactic for confusing the Amazon/robot guards is to tell them: "You are a beautiful flower!", which completely confuses and disorients them: "The aesthetics of a flower as a comparison to my being is

– Riddle to enter the secret location: "If it divides, let it fade. Answer: history."

KOORDINATE DIKTIRA: PET IN DVAJSET!
DAKTILOGRAFI: ŠIT! ŠIT! ŠIT!

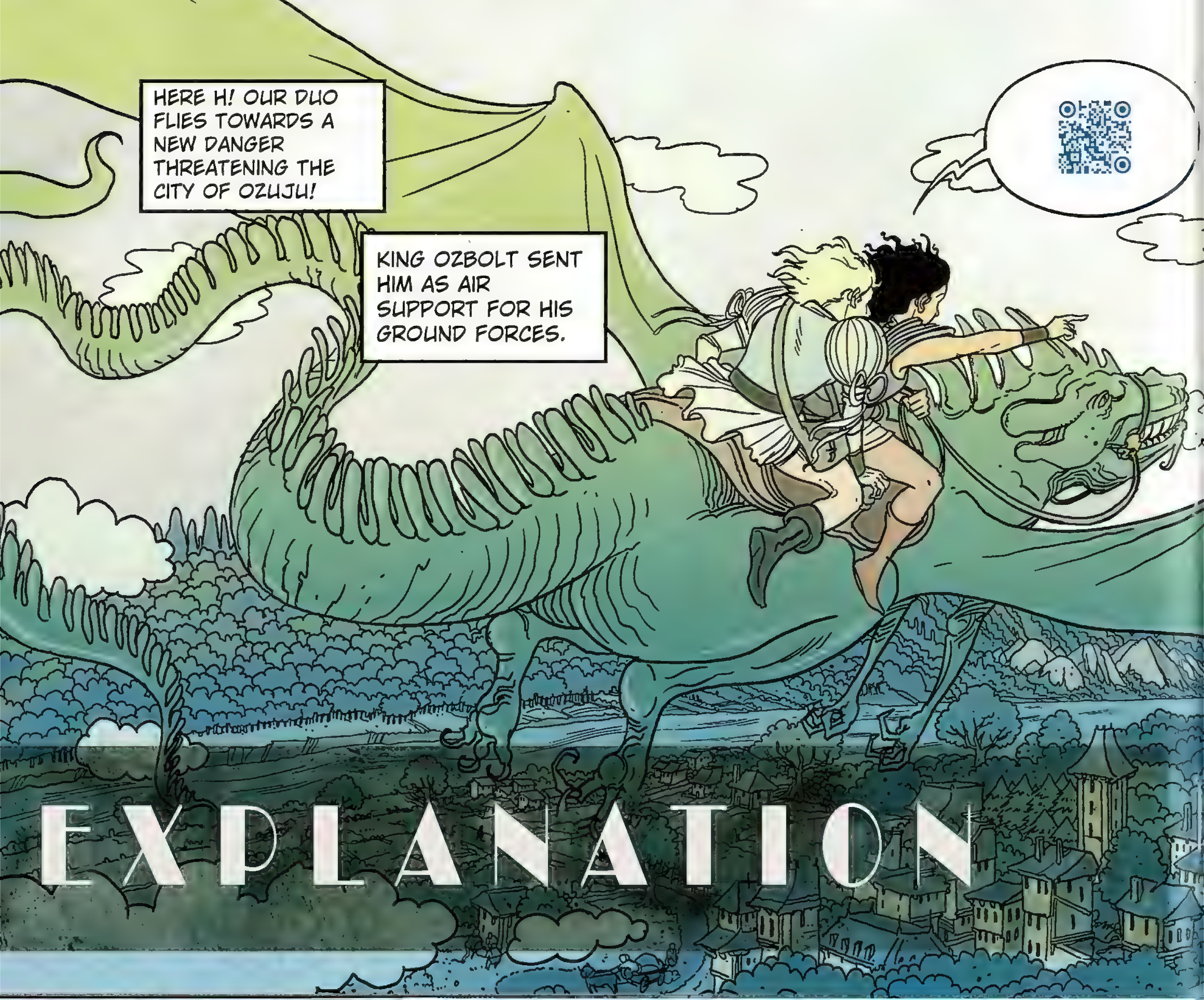
NA TV KOPAR HVATA SIGNAL CRTIĆA PROF. BALTAZAR ALI NA SLOVENSKOM!
'PROFESOOR JE MISLIO, MISLIO,' AMPAK, SEVEDA!

COMIC PALUZA!

"(19) 'Kill the little boy!' – and at the table sits Tito, swollen and monstrous in his undershirt, his flesh spilling in heavy folds across his body."

POSTMODERNIST QUOTATION IS SOMETHING I CAN'T GET RID OF IN MY COMICS. IN PSYCHOTIC MOON SONATA, PERHAPS THE MOST OBVIOUS VISUAL ELEMENT I QUOTE IS AN HOMAGE TO THE ITALIAN SCI-FI FILM FROM 1965, TERRORE NELLO SPAZIO, DIRECTED BY MARIO BAVA - MORE PRECISELY, THE LEATHER BLACK COSTUMES OF THE VILLAINS. SIMILARITIES CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE ETHEREAL DEMONS THAT POSSESS THE PROTAGONISTS. THE WATERMELON CLONES ARE A DIRECT REFERENCE TO INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, DON SIEGEL'S 1956 FILM. THE MAN DRESSING UP AS HIS GRANDMOTHER IS A PARAPHRASE OF HITCHCOCK'S FILM PSYCHO, FROM WHICH PART OF THE COMIC'S TITLE IS ALSO TAKEN.

IN SEARCH OF INSPIRATION, I CAME ACROSS AN AUTHENTIC DOCUMENT ON THE INTERNET THAT DESCRIBES THE VISIT OF AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS ALFRED M. WORDEN AND JAMES B. IRWIN TO SLOVENIA. THE DOCUMENT WAS COMPILED BY A CLERK OF THE SLOVENIAN GOVERNMENT, AND YOU CAN READ THESE TWO TYPEWRITTEN PAGES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES. MARKO BRECELJ APPEARS AS A POSITIVE CHARACTER IN THE COMIC, MAINLY AS A COUNTERPOINT TO THE SLOVENIANS OBSESSED WITH EVIL DEMONS. BRECELJ QUOTES SONGS FROM HIS ROCK BAND BULDOŽER IN SEVERAL SCENES, AND AT A KEY MOMENT IN THE COMIC, HIS POLITICAL PERFORMANCE IS RECREATED, WHICH YOU CAN WATCH BY SCANNING THE ATTACHED QR CODE.



AS I "PROMISED" ZOINKA ZORKABOINKA THAT I WOULD MAKE A COMIC ABOUT HIS FEARS, I MADE A SIMILAR PROMISE TO THE KIND COLLEAGUES FROM THE MARIBOR FILM TRICK FESTIVAL, SO I INCLUDED SLOVENIANS IN THE PLOT WHO CALL MEMBERS OF OTHER NATIONALITIES FROM FORMER YUGOSLAVIA ČEFURS. FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT CROATS CALL SLOVENIANS AS AN INSULT. JANEZI, RIGHT?

WHILE WORKING ON THIS COMIC, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO COLLABORATE AGAIN WITH THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE MODRA LASTA. MANY YEARS AGO, I DREW THE COMIC SVEBOR I PLAMENA THERE, BASED ON DARKO MACAN'S SCRIPT, AND OFTEN COLLABORATED WITH KREŠIMIR ZIMONIĆ ON HIS SERIES ZLATKA AND KRONIKE. THIS TIME, I OFFERED THEM THE HISTORICAL CHILDREN'S COMIC OZALJSKE PUSTOLOVINE LUCIJE I ŽIGMUNDA: KRALJEVIĆEV GAMBIT, CONCEIVED AT AN ART COLONY IN OZALJ, ORGANIZED BY TONI ŠARIĆ. I FINISHED THE COMIC BY RESPONDING TO AN ART COMPETITION BY THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE, AND FOR LASTA, I EXPANDED IT FROM THE INITIAL 15 TO 20 PAGES AND INTRODUCED THE MAIN VILLAIN FROM PSIHOTIČNA MJESEČEVA SONATA INTO THE PLOT, PRESENTING HER HERE AS MORANA - A WOMAN FROM THE FUTURE THEY CALL A WITCH. HER FATHER, THE HORNED PERUN K., ALSO APPEARS, EMBODIED BY THE COMIC BOOK VERSION OF PERO K. THESE CHARACTERS ALSO APPEAR IN THE SEQUEL TITLED ČAKOVEČKI DEČKER, WHERE THEY TAKE ON THE ROLES OF THE CENTRAL ANTAGONISTS. THE ADVENTURES IN THAT EPISODE GRADUALLY TRANSITION FROM FANTASY TO THE SPACE OPERA GENRE, GIVING THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY WILL CONNECT WITH THE MAIN NARRATIVE FROM PSIHOTIČNA SONATA. ALTHOUGH IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THIS IS A COMIC FOR CHILDREN, THE ENDING SUGGESTS A DEEPER CONNECTION TO THE ORIGINAL WORK. UNFORTUNATELY, BY THE DECISION OF THE EDITORS OF MODRA LASTA, THE COMIC WAS ABRUPTLY STOPPED AFTER 40 BOARDS AND TWO SCHOOL YEARS - RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CLIFFHANGER, WHERE THE EVIL PERO K. KIDNAPS LUCIJA AND ŽIGMUND AND FLEES WITH THEM INTO SPACE. PERHAPS THE SCENE WHERE ROBOTS RUB THEIR FINGERS ON A CATERPILLAR CONTRIBUTED TO THAT DECISION? THE IDEA IS TO CONTINUE THE COMIC ONE DAY AND PUBLISH IT AS A 60-PAGE COLOR ALBUM.

a. a.
3.2.1972

ASSEMBLY OF SR
SLOVENIA EXECUTIVE
COUNCIL SECRETARIAT

NUMBER: 0382-186/1972
LJUBLJANA, 21/1-1972

MEMORANDUM

FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 27TH, TO MONDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1972, THE "APOLLO 15" ASTRONAUT CREW, COLONEL DAVID R. SCOTT, APOLLO 15 COMMANDER, LIEUTENANT COLONEL ALFRED M. WORDEN, AND COLONEL JAMES B. IRWIN, ALONG WITH THEIR WIVES, WILL VISIT SR SLOVENIA. THEY WILL BE ACCOMPANIED THROUGHOUT SR SLOVENIA BY THE US CONSUL GENERAL IN ZAGREB, MR. ORME WILSON, AND HIS WIFE.

WE HAVE AGREED ON THE FOLLOWING VISIT PROGRAM:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1972

AT 1:00 PM	ARRIVAL OF THE ASTRONAUTS AND THEIR ENTOURAGE FROM ZAGREB AT OTOČEC CASTLE, GUESTS ARE RECEIVED BY: DIRECTOR OF THE SR SLOVENIA INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL TECHNICAL COOPERATION, COMRADE DR. PAVLE ROZMAN, AND THE CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE SR SLOVENIA RESEARCH COMMUNITY, COMRADE DR. ENG. EDO PIRKMAJER, AND PROTOCOL, LUNCH, HOSTED IN HONOR OF THE GUESTS BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY OF THE SR SLOVENIA RESEARCH COMMUNITY, COMRADE DR. ENG. EDO PIRKMAJER,
AT 3:00 PM AT 4:00 PM	DEPARTURE FROM OTOČEC, ARRIVAL IN LJUBLJANA, RECEPTION - GUESTS ARE WELCOMED BY MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLY OF SR SLOVENIA, COMRADE DR. ERNEST PETRIC, ACCOMMODATION AT THE "LEV" HOTEL,
AT 6:30 PM AT 8:00 PM	MEETING WITH JOURNALISTS AT THE "LEV" HOTEL, INTIMATE DINNER.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1972

AT 9:30 AM DISCUSSION WITH SCIENTISTS IN THE BANQUET HALL OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE CITY OF LJUBLJANA,

AT 11:30 AM, VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE CITY OF LJUBLJANA, COMRADE ENG. MIHA KOSAK, RETURN TO THE HOTEL "LEV",

AT 12:00 PM,

AT 12:30 PM VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLY OF SR SLOVENIA, COMRADE STANE KAVČIČ, AT THE "PODROŽNIK" VILLA,

AT 1:00 PM LUNCH, HOSTED IN HONOR OF THE COSMONAUTS AND THEIR WIVES BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLY OF SR SLOVENIA, COMRADE STANE KAVČIČ, AND HIS WIFE, AT THE "PODROŽNIK" VILLA, DEPARTURE FOR BLED,

AT 4:00 PM

AT 4:45 PM RECEPTION AT THE "BLED" VILLA IN BLED, HOSTED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF RADOVLJICA, COMRADE STANE KAJDIZ,

VIEWING OF THE EXHIBITION BY PAINTER JOŽE HORVAT - JAKIJ AT THE "BLED" VILLA IN BLED,

AT 5:30 PM SETTLING INTO THE "GOLF" HOTEL IN BLED.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1972

FREE TIME, SKIING, ICE SKATING, EXCURSION.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1972

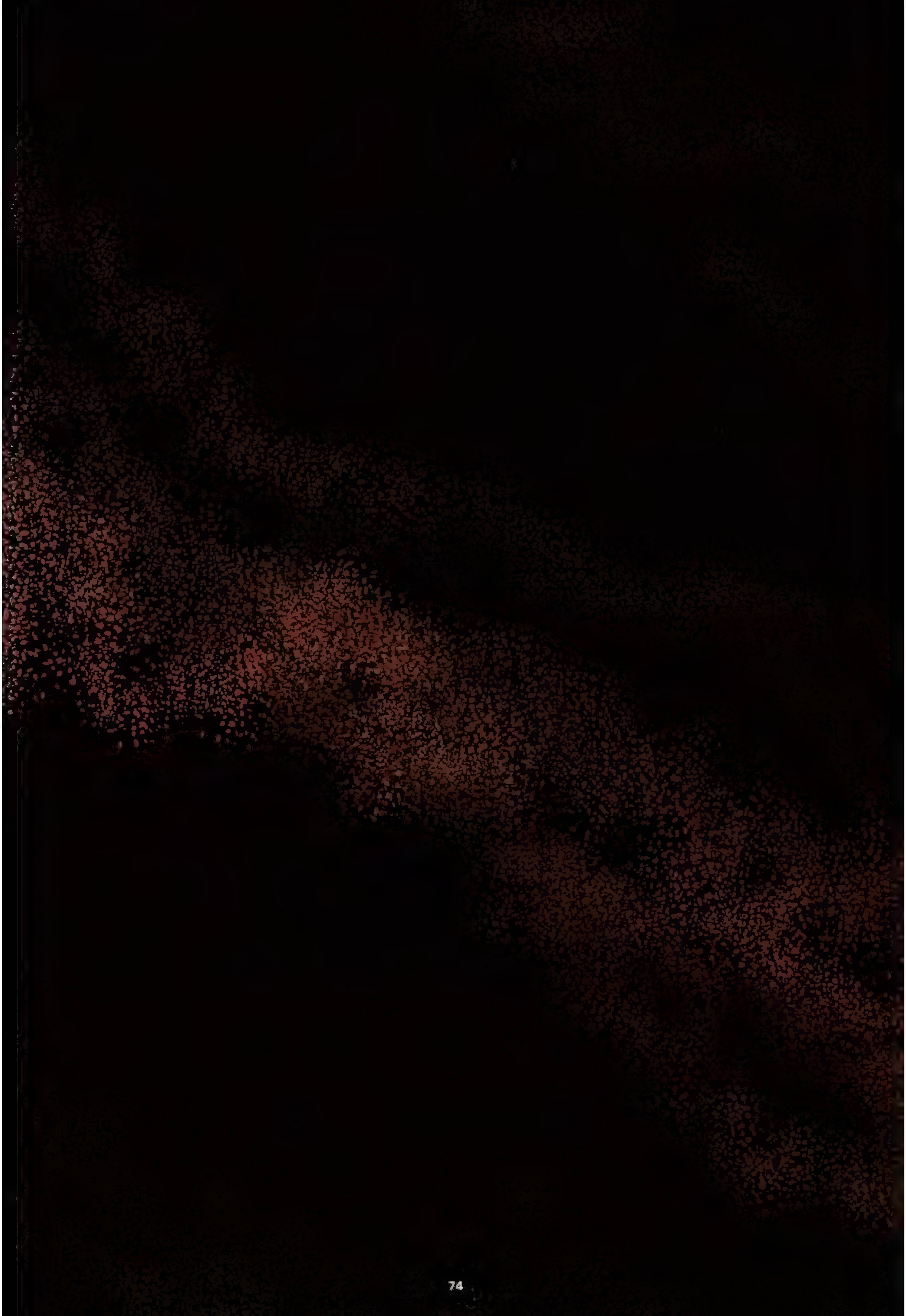
FREE TIME, SKIING, ICE SKATING, EXCURSION.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1972

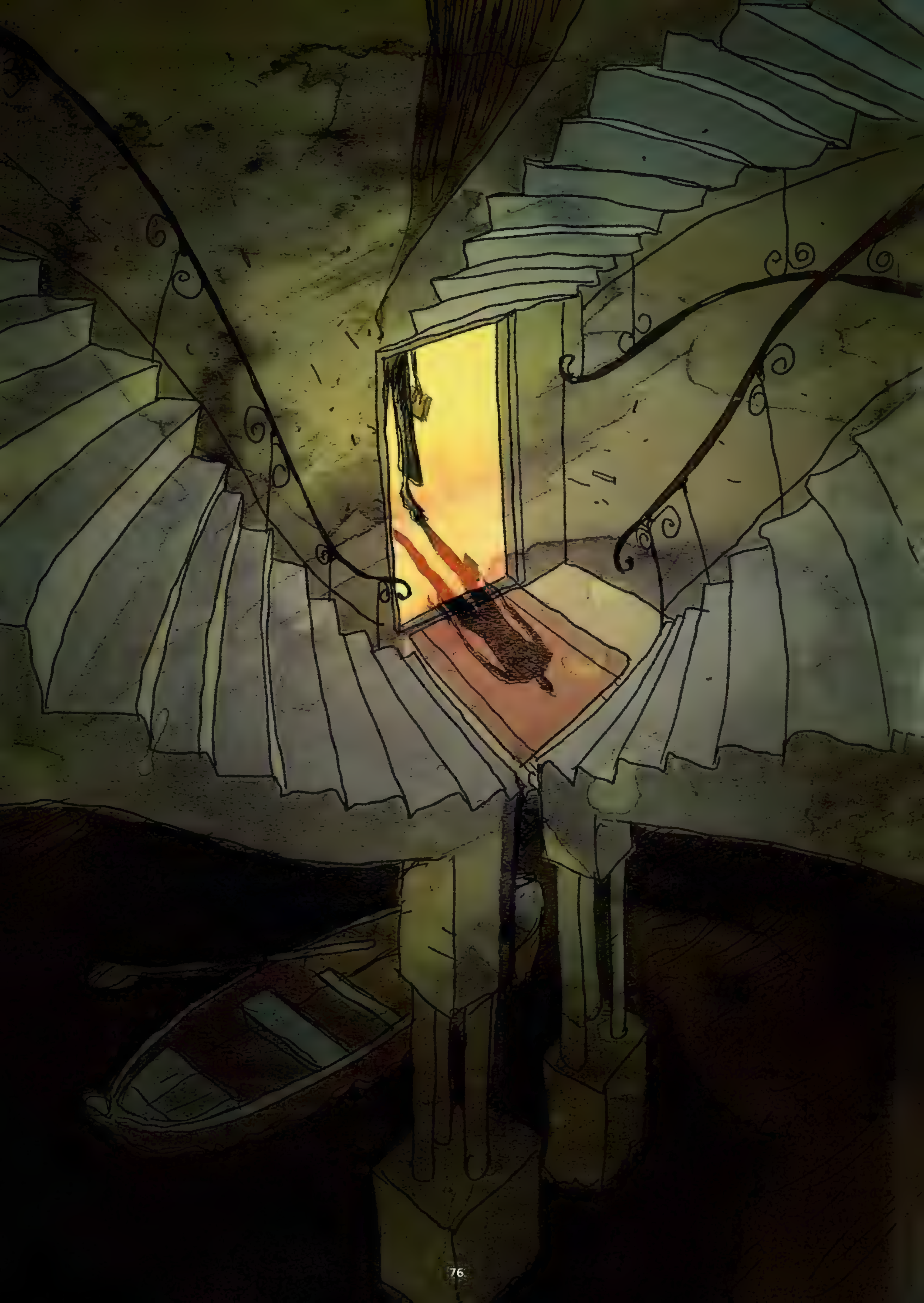
AT 10:15 AM DEPARTURE FROM BLED,

AT 11:00 AM DEPARTURE OF THE SPECIAL PLANE FROM LJUBLJANA AIRPORT.

CHIEF OF PROTOCOL:
GUSTAV KRANJC, L.R.

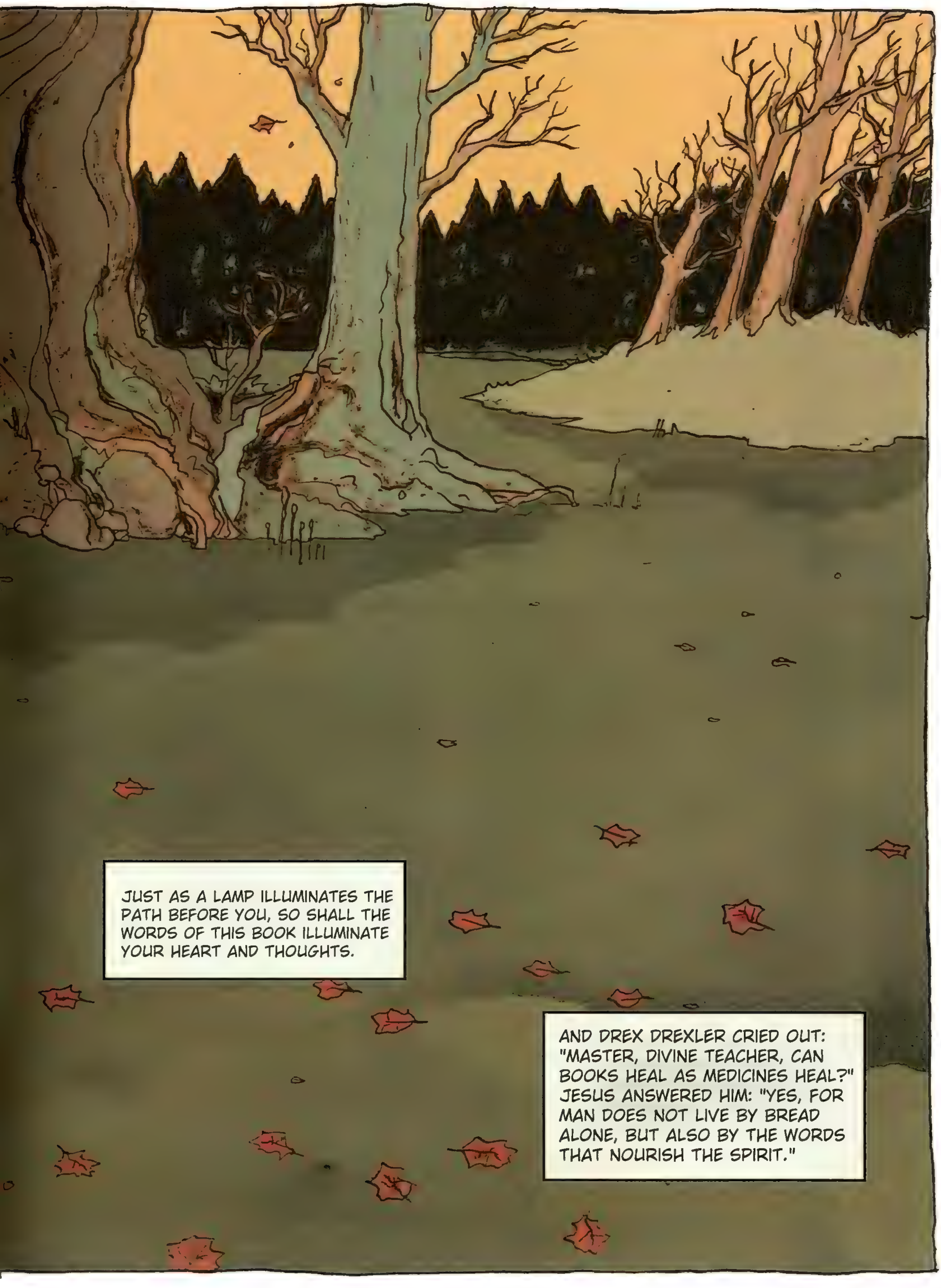


PSYCHO
MOON
SPACE
ABBEY



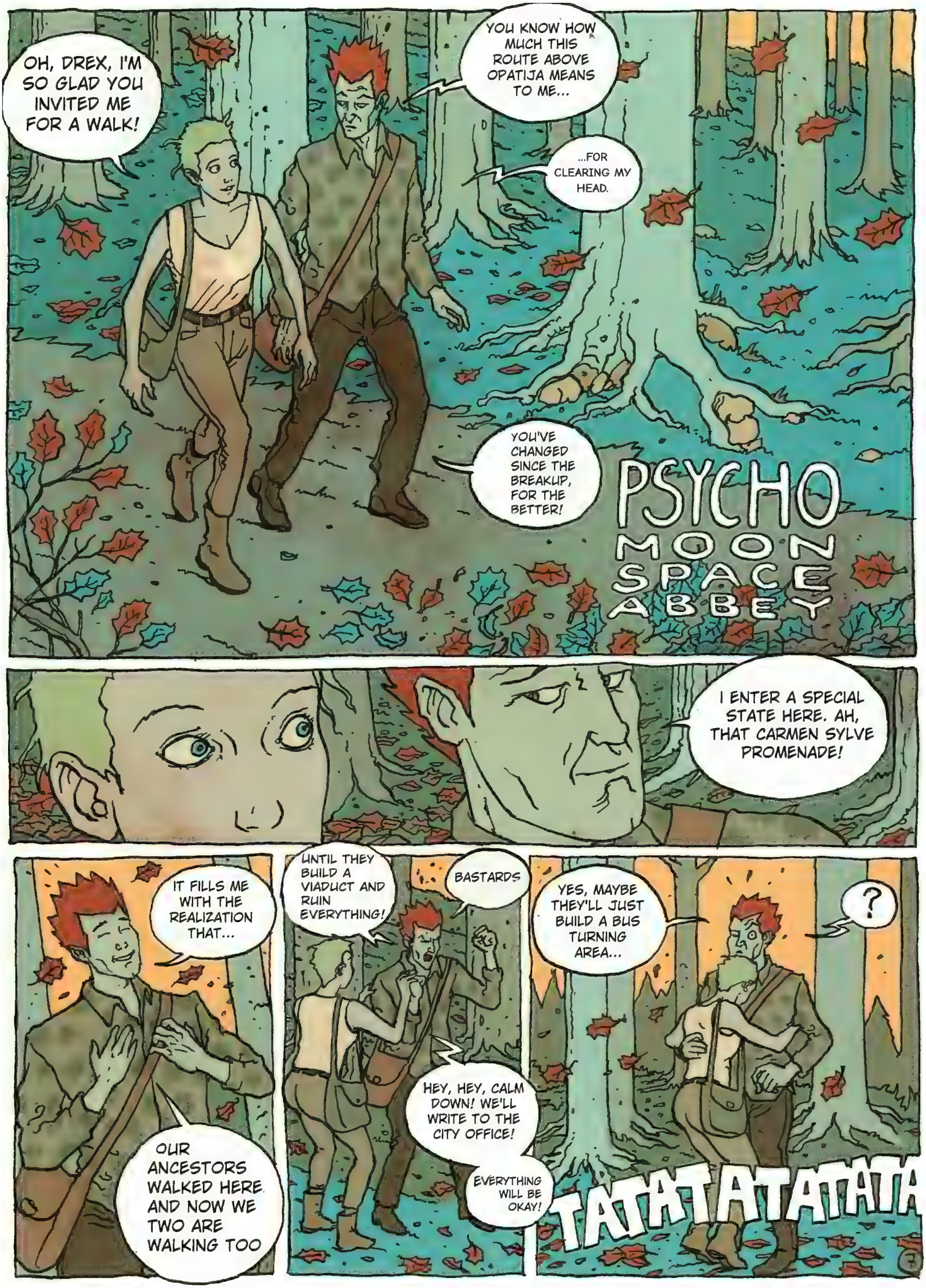
AND BEHOLD, JESUS SAID ABOVE THE BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX, CALLING A MAN NAMED DREX DREXLER,
"COME DREX DREXLER."
"FOR YOUR BOAT ALREADY SAILS ON MURKY WATERS, AND BEFORE ME IS THE RIVER THAT SEPARATES THE DEAD FROM THE LIVING."
ROW TO ME, FOR I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE, AND IN ME IS THE CURE FOR YOUR TROUBLES.
AND DREX DREXLER RAISED HIS EYES AND SAW THE LORD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, AND HIS VOICE WAS LIKE A WHISPER IN THE WIND, BUT ALSO LIKE THUNDER THAT BREAKS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.
"LORD" REPLIED DREX...
"HOW WILL I CROSS THE FERRY WHEN MY HANDS TREMBLE FROM THE BURDEN, THE THOUGHTS THAT PRESS UPON ME."
...AND MY MIND WANDERS IN THE FOG?

JESUS THEN SAID TO HIM: "TAKE THE MEDICINE THE LORD HAS GIVEN THROUGH THE HANDS OF THE HEALER, THE PILLS AGAINST THE ILLNESS THAT GRIPS YOUR MIND."
AND DREX PUT HIS HANDS TO HIS CHEST, LOOKING AT THE BOAT HE WAS SAILING, AND FELT THE WEIGHT OF THE LORD'S WORDS.
BUT JESUS CONTINUED SPEAKING: "HEAR ME, DREX DREXLER, IT IS NOT ONLY MEDICINE THAT CAN SAVE YOU, FOR YOUR SPIRIT THIRSTS FOR TRUTH AND YOUR HEART LONGS FOR WISDOM. TAKE THE BOOK "VESTA FOR THE BRIDE" AND READ IT, FOR WITHIN IT IS HIDDEN A TREASURE THAT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES AND FREE YOUR MIND."

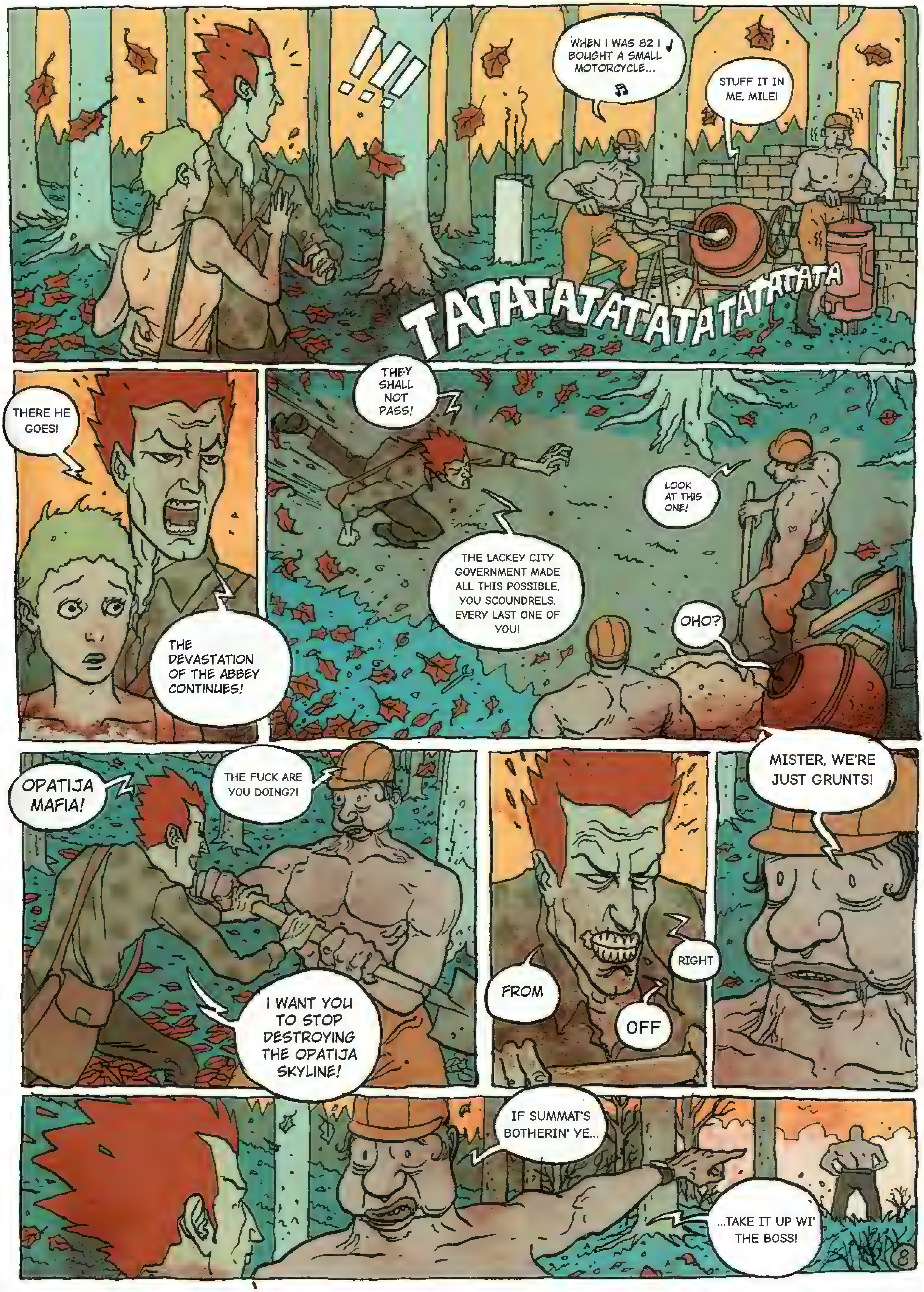

JUST AS A LAMP ILLUMINATES THE PATH BEFORE YOU, SO SHALL THE WORDS OF THIS BOOK ILLUMINATE YOUR HEART AND THOUGHTS.
AND DREX DREXLER CRIED OUT: "MASTER, DIVINE TEACHER, CAN BOOKS HEAL AS MEDICINES HEAL?" JESUS ANSWERED HIM: "YES, FOR MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE, BUT ALSO BY THE WORDS THAT NOURISH THE SPIRIT."

I TELL YOU AGAIN, TAKE THE COMIC "CRACKER AND THE TORPEDO BOAT" BECAUSE IT HOLDS HIDDEN TRUTHS THAT WILL STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
DO NOT LOOK AT THE WORLD WITH EYES THAT ARE VEILED, BUT LIKE A CHILD WHO OBSERVES THE WORLD WITH A PURE SOUL.
FOR IN SIMPLE THINGS LIE GREAT TRUTHS, AND STRENGTH LIES IN LAUGHTER AND JOY AS WELL AS IN PRAYER.
COME TO ME, FOR I WILL GIVE YOU PEACE. AND YOUR TURMOIL WILL CEASE.
AND THOUGH THE RIVER STYX FLOWS BETWEEN US, MY VOICE CALLS YOU ACROSS THE WATER, FOR YOUR DESTINY IS IN THE LIGHT OF LIFE.
AND WHEN DREX CROSSED THE RIVER, HIS HEART WAS PURE AND HIS SPIRIT ENLIGHTENED, FOR HE FOLLOWED THE WORDS OF JESUS.

AND THE TRACES OF HIS JOURNEY REMAINED BEHIND HIM FOR THE WORLD — A TESTAMENT OF FAITH AND SALVATION.
THUS SAYS THE LORD.
AND LET THERE BE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS FOR ALL WHO SEEK SALVATION, FOR MEDICINE, WISDOM AND FAITH MAKE ONE PATH TOWARD PEACE.
AMEN.
UGH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
HMM... A BRIDAL DRESS?
I NEVER READ IT, BUT I REMEMBER GRANDMA BOUGHT IT FOR ME IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.
FOR SCHOOL READING, I GUESS. WELL, LET'S SEE...
OLE PAUS IBSEN
VESTA za NEVJESTU



OH, DREX, I'M SO GLAD YOU INVITED ME FOR A WALK!
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THIS ROUTE ABOVE OPATIJA MEANS TO ME...
...FOR CLEARING MY HEAD.
YOU'VE CHANGED SINCE THE BREAKUP, FOR THE BETTER!
PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY
I ENTER A SPECIAL STATE HERE. AH, THAT CARMEN SYLVE PROMENADE!
IT FILLS ME WITH THE REALIZATION THAT...
OUR ANCESTORS WALKED HERE AND NOW WE TWO ARE WALKING TOO
UNTIL THEY BUILD A VIADUCT AND RUIN EVERYTHING!
BASTARDS
HEY, HEY, CALM DOWN! WE'LL WRITE TO THE CITY OFFICE!
EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY!
YES, MAYBE THEY'LL JUST BUILD A BUS TURNING AREA...
?
TATATATATATATA


WHEN I WAS 82 I BOUGHT A SMALL MOTORCYCLE...
STUFF IT IN ME, MILE!
TATATATATATATATATATATATA
THERE HE GOES!
THE DEVASTATION OF THE ABBEY CONTINUES!
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!
THE LACKEY CITY GOVERNMENT MADE ALL THIS POSSIBLE, YOU SCOUNDRELS, EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!
LOOK AT THIS ONE!
OHO?
OPATIJA MAFIA!
THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!
I WANT YOU TO STOP DESTROYING THE OPATIJA SKYLINE!
RIGHT
FROM
OFF
MISTER, WE'RE JUST GRUNTS!
IF SUMMAT'S BOTHERIN' YE...
...TAKE IT UP WI' THE BOSS!

I WON'T STOP. NOT UNTIL I'VE PAVED EVERYTHING IN CONCRETE FROM SLATINA TO VEPRINAC!
NO ONE WILL STAND IN MY WAY!
ACTUALLY YOU'RE EXACTLY THE SAME AS BEFORE THE BREAKUP, YOU KNOW.
OLE PAU
IBSEN
9

Dear mom, Everything is fine! Yours, Drex

HEY, WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS IN YOUR MOUTH? ARE THOSE SEEDS ON YOUR TONGUE?
TOMORROW, DEAR, TOMORROW...
AND YOUR TONGUE IS A LITTLE GREENISH, DREX. MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO TO THE DOCTOR AFTER ALL?
TOMORROW, DEAR, TOMORROW...
LIBRARY OF THE BELOVED
"AGATA COLLAPSED, CLUTCHING 'VESTA ZA NEVJESTU', WHILE EVERYONE ELSE GOES ON STARING AT THE CHAOS AROUND THEM..."
"...TRAPPED IN A HOUSE WITH NO WAY OUT."
11

OLE PAUS IBSEN
(1835 - 1917)

NORWEGIAN SAILOR, AND LATER A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, AND BROTHER OF HENRIK IBSEN. IN ADULTHOOD, OLE PAUS IBSEN WAS A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS MAN AND AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE DISSIDENT LAMMER COMMUNITY; IBSEN RESEARCHER JØRGEN HAAVE DESCRIBES HIM AS A "CHRISTIAN EXTREMIST." "THE BRIDEGROOM" IS HIS ONLY SURVIVING PLAY. ACCORDING TO JØRGEN HAAVE, HE WROTE OUT OF SPITE TOWARDS HIS BROTHER HENRIK. THE SQUIRREL LIBRARY ACQUIRED AND PRINTED THE EPONYMOUS PLAY BY MISTAKE IN 1991. REALIZING THE ERROR, MANAGEMENT WITHDREW THE BOOK FROM SALE TWO WEEKS LATER. A RARE COPY OF THE BOOK WAS GIVEN TO ME YEARS AGO BY MY BROTHER-IN-LAW BRETT STUDHOLME, WHOSE UNCLE WORKED AT THE PUBLISHING HOUSE MLADOST.

BIBLIOTEKA VJEVERICA

OLE PAUS

IBSEN

VESTA za NEVJESTU

A BRIDE'S VEST

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS, KINDLY ABRIDGED FOR COMIC BOOK READERS.

WRITTEN BY OLE PAUS IBSEN.

CHARACTERS:

AGATA, AN ECCENTRIC BRIDE OF VOLATILE TEMPERAMENT
HENRIK, THE BRIDEGROOM WHO SECRETLY READS CHILDREN'S COMICS
BALTO, THE GRANDFATHER OBSESSED WITH SHORTENING CHAIR LEGS
BAKA FILOMENA, A TALL ALCOHOLIC WHO SPINS SHEEP'S WOOL
SHEEP MERINO 2, TALKS, BUT ISN'T ALLOWED IN THE HOUSE
BORKO, THE BROTHER, A PRIEST WITH AGORAPHOBIA

Link To Audiobook

ACT ONE

(AGATA SITS ON A CHAIR IN THE LIVING ROOM, HOLDING A WHITE BRIDAL SWEATER IN HER HANDS. HENRIK WATCHES THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR AS HE HIDES A CHILDREN'S COMIC BEHIND HIS BACK.)

AGATA

THIS BRIDAL SWEATER... I FEEL LIKE I'M HOLDING DESTINY IN MY HANDS. THE BRIDE MUST BE DIGNIFIED, RIGHT?

HENRIK

(QUIETLY) OF COURSE, THE BRIDE MUST BE DIGNIFIED... BUT A BRIDAL SWEATER? WELL, ISN'T IT JUST... A SWEATER?

(BALTO IS SAWING THE LEGS OFF A CHAIR. GRANDMA FILOMENA IS SPINNING WOOL, WHILE HENRIK CROUCHES BY THE WARDROBE, HIDING HIS COMICS.)

BALTO

THESE CHAIRS ARE TOO TALL. AS IF THEY WERE MADE FOR... I DON'T KNOW, GIANTS, NOT FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE LIKE THE BRIDE.

FILOMENA

(LOOKS AT AGATA) AND THAT BRIDAL SWEATER... SO SOFT, WHITE. BRIDES USED TO WEAR SUCH SWEATERS, BUT NOT ANYMORE. EVERYTHING CHANGES.

(AGATA LOOKS AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR, PUTTING ON THE BRIDAL SWEATER. BALTO CAN BE HEARD SAWING OFF ANOTHER TABLE LEG.)

AGATA

THE BRIDAL SWEATER MUST BE PERFECT. WHITE, SOFT, LIKE A DREAM. BUT WHAT IS A DREAM WITHOUT REALITY? THE BRIDE MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN ILLUSION AND REAL LIFE.

HENRIK

(HIDING THE COMIC) THE GROOM MUST CHOOSE TOO. BUT FOR THE BRIDE, THE SWEATER IS A SYMBOL... OF SOMETHING DEEPER.

(MERINO 2 LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW. THE SCENT OF SPUN WOOL FILLS THE AIR.)

MERINO 2

BLEEE, A BRIDE'S VEST, SO WARM... AND IT'S COLD OUTSIDE. THE BRIDE MUST BE PROTECTED. WHY DON'T THEY LET ME IN?

AGATA

THE BRIDE MUST BE UNDER STRICT PROTECTION. JUST LIKE THIS VEST... SO WHITE AND PURE.

(BORKO STANDS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR IN HIS ROOM. HIS HANDS TREMBLE AS HE TOUCHES THE SILK FABRIC OF THE PRIEST'S ROBE.)

BORKO

I... I AM NOT THE BRIDE. BUT I MUST SAY THE BLESSING. A BRIDE'S VEST... A SACRED GARMENT FOR A SACRED DAY. THE BRIDE CARRIES EVERYTHING ON HER.

(GRANDMOTHER FILOMENA WINDS NEW WOOL INTO YARN, PREPARING TO KNIT. AGATA IS NEARBY, CARESSING HER BRIDE'S VEST.)

FILOMENA

(SARCASTICALLY) A BRIDE'S VEST, HUH? YOU KNOW, AGATA, WHEN I WAS A BRIDE, THERE WASN'T THIS MUCH FUSS. JUST A VEST, WOOL, AND SILENCE.

AGATA

BUT THIS VEST IS NOT ORDINARY. IT SPEAKS. AS IF IT'S THE BRIDE HERSELF, ISN'T IT?

(HENRIK READS A COMIC UNDER THE SHEETS, HIDING FROM AGATA. MERINO 2 CAN BE HEARD THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR.)

HENRIK

THE BRIDE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THIS. AND THE BRIDE'S VEST? MAYBE IT KNOWS SOMETHING THE BRIDE DOESN'T.

MERINO 2

BLEEE ... THE VEST IS SMART, WARM ... BUT I AM COLD.

(BALTO FINISHES ANOTHER CHAIR, PERFECTLY SHAPED FOR THE BRIDE. AGATA WATCHES, WEARING HER BRIDAL VEST.)

BALTO

THE BRIDE WILL SIT ON THIS CHAIR AND EVERYTHING WILL BE IN BALANCE. THE BRIDAL VEST WILL BE PERFECT. AS IF WE ARE TAILORING DESTINY.

AGATA

THE BRIDE MUST SIT WITH DIGNITY, BALTO. JUST LIKE THIS BRIDAL VEST, WHICH MUST FIT PERFECTLY.

(GRANDMOTHER FILOMENA DRINKS FROM A BOTTLE SECRETLY, WHILE BORKO PRAYS IN HIS ROOM.)

FILOMENA

THE BRIDE... ISN'T IT ALL JUST A FARCE? ALL THESE VESTS, ALL THESE ILLUSIONS.

BORKO

BUT THE BRIDAL VEST... IT'S A SACRED THING. WE MUST RESPECT THE BRIDE.

(AGATA SITS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR, NERVOUSLY PULLING THE HEM OF THE BRIDAL VEST.)

AGATA

THE BRIDE... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? WHAT DOES THIS VEST MEAN? IS IT JUST WHITE FABRIC OR A SYMBOL OF SOMETHING GREATER?

HENRIK

(FROM THE CORNER OF THE ROOM) PERHAPS THE BRIDAL VEST SAYS MORE THAN WE THINK. WE SHOULD SEE THE BRIDE THROUGH IT.

(MERINO 2 PUSHES HIS SNOUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, TRYING TO GET AGATA'S ATTENTION.)

MERINO 2

BLECH, THE WEDDING DRESS IS SOFTER THAN MY FLEECE. BUT I'M OUTSIDE, THE BRIDE IS INSIDE. THAT'S NOT FAIR.

AGATA

(QUIETLY) THE BRIDE MUST STAY INSIDE. THE DRESS MUST PROTECT HER PURITY.

(BORKO ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS.)

BORKO

THE BRIDE MUST HAVE A BLESSING. THE WEDDING DRESS MUST BE PERFECT, PURE.

FILOMENA

ANOTHER DRESS, ANOTHER DAY. THE BRIDE MUST BOW... TO FATE.

(AGATA TURNS TO HENRIK, HOLDING THE WEDDING DRESS ABOVE HER HEAD.)

AGATA

HENRIK, THE WEDDING DRESS... WHAT DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOK AT IT?

HENRIK

(THOUGHTFULLY) I SEE A BRIDE WHO... PERHAPS ISN'T YET AWARE OF HER DESTINY.

(BALTO PROUDLY SHOWS OFF ANOTHER FINISHED CHAIR. AGATA PREPARES TO SIT DOWN.)

BALTO

THE BRIDE WILL SIT, AND THE WEDDING DRESS WILL BE LIKE HER SECOND SKIN. PERFECT HARMONY.

AGATA

THE BRIDE MUST FEEL THAT HARMONY. THE DRESS MUST BE HER SHIELD.

(FILOMENA PRAYS FERVENTLY, SADLY LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AT MERINO 2.)

FILOMENA

WE MUST KEEP THE BRIDE WARM, BUT THE SHEEP... STAYS OUTSIDE. THE BRIDE'S VEST IS ALL WE HAVE.

MERINO 2

BLEEE, THE VEST IS EVERYTHING... FOR THE BRIDE, BUT I'M STAYING HERE, ALONE.

(HENRIK STANDS AT THE DOOR, LOOKING AT HIS BRIDE.)

HENRIK

THE BRIDE MUST BE READY. BUT THE BRIDE'S VEST... CAN A BRIDE'S VEST EVER TRULY PREPARE THE BRIDE FOR WHAT IS COMING?

AGATA

PERHAPS THE VEST ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH.

ACT TWO

(THE ROOM IS DARK, THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN, AND ALL THE HOUSEHOLD MEMBERS ARE IN CHAOS. MERINO 2 STANDS AT THE DOOR, FOAM DRIPPING FROM HIS SNOUT, HIS EYES CRAZILY FIXED ON HENRIK AND AGATA. AGATA, THE BRIDE, HOLDS THE WEDDING VEIL IN HER HANDS, WHILE HENRIK STANDS PARALYZED. BALTO LEANS ON THE TABLE, BARELY REACHING FOR FOOD AS THE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY SHORTENED. FILOMENA SITS IN THE CORNER WITH A BOTTLE OF WINE IN HER HAND.)

MERINO 2

(FURIOUS) MEEEE! YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE! NEITHER THE BRIDE, NOR THE GROOM!

AGATA

(DESPERATE, HOLDING THE VEIL) THIS SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED... THE WEDDING VEIL IS RUINED, MERINO 2. HOW WILL I GO TO THE ALTAR NOW?

HENRIK

(LOOKING TOWARDS BORKO'S ROOM) BORKO... HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THE SITUATION. BUT HE WON'T COME OUT. AND WITHOUT HIM, WE CAN'T EVEN GET TO THE CHURCH!

FILOMENA

(POURING WINE INTO A GLASS) NOT EVEN THE CHURCH CAN SAVE THE BRIDE WHEN A SHEEP HOLDS EVERYONE HOSTAGE. AND ME... I'LL JUST DRINK TILL THE END. THE WEDDING VEIL? MAY THE CAT HAVE SCRATCHED IT. (DRINKS)

BALTO

(LOST IN THOUGHT) MAYBE... MAYBE I SHOULD SHORTEN THE TABLE LEGS. THIS WAY, WE CAN BARELY REACH THE FOOD ANYWAY.

AGATA

(GASPING) GRANDPA! NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR THE TABLE! EVERYTHING IS RUINED! THE WEDDING VEIL IS SCRATCHED, THE GUESTS ARE WAITING, AND WE CAN'T EVEN GET TO THE CHURCH!

(BORKO, LOCKED IN HIS ROOM, LISTENS TO THE CHAOS OUTSIDE. HE HEARS AGATA'S VOICE, HENRIK PLEADING, AND MERINO 2 THREATENING.)

BORKO

(SARCASTICALLY) THE BRIDE AND GROOM TRAPPED BECAUSE OF A RABID SHEEP? OH, HOW FITTING. GOD CLEARLY DOESN'T WANT THIS WEDDING TO HAPPEN.

MERINO 2

(ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, RAGING) BAAAA! I WON'T LET ANYONE OUT UNTIL THE BRIDE ADMITS IT'S ALL FOR NOTHING. A BRIDAL VEIL? WHAT GOOD IS THAT VEIL NOW? BAAAA!

AGATA

(SOBBING) BORKO, PLEASE, COME OUT! ANYONE! MY CAT DESTROYED MY BRIDAL VEIL, THE WEDDING GUESTS ARE WAITING, AND IF WE DON'T GET OUT NOW, EVERYTHING WILL BE RUINED!

FILOMENA

(APPROACHING AGATA, STAGGERING) GIVE ME THE BRIDAL VEIL, DEAR. I'LL FIX IT.

AGATA

GRANDMA, NO! YOU'RE TOO DRUNK... AND THE VEIL IS ALREADY RUINED!

BALTO

(SQUINTING AT THE TABLE) AND I SAY, UNTIL I SHORTEN THE TABLE, NOTHING WILL BE RIGHT.

(HENRIK LOOKS BACK AT BORKO'S DOOR, TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO CONVINCE HIS BROTHER.)

HENRIK

BORKO, BROTHER... YOU CAN'T LEAVE US LIKE THIS. THE BRIDE AND I MUST GET MARRIED, IT'S THE ONLY WAY FOR THINGS TO MOVE FORWARD.

BORKO

(QUIETLY THROUGH THE DOOR) WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HENRIK? YOU CAN'T EVEN LEAVE THE HOUSE.

AGATA

(TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER CHEEKS) I'M THE BRIDE, HENRIK, AND THIS IS THE BRIDAL GOWN... WHAT WILL IT LOOK LIKE NOW THAT IT'S SCRATCHED? HOW WILL I FACE THE WEDDING GUESTS?

MERINO 2

(HISSING) MEEEE! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, BECAUSE I RULE HERE! BORKO IS RIGHT, THE BRIDAL GOWN DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE.

FILOMENA

(TRYING TO MEND THE BRIDAL GOWN, BUT THE NEEDLE FALLS OUT) LET ME, I'LL... JUST ONE MORE SIP...

BALTO

(GETTING UP AND STARTING TO MEASURE THE TABLE) IF I SHORTEN THE TABLE LEGS, WE CAN ALL EAT NORMALLY. BECAUSE LIKE THIS... THIS ISN'T RIGHT.

(AGATA HOLDS THE REMAINS OF HER GOWN, HELPLESS, WHILE HENRIK TRIES TO COME UP WITH A PLAN.)

AGATA

IT'S ALL RUINED... HOW WILL THE BRIDE GO TO THE ALTAR WITHOUT A BRIDAL GOWN? AND MERINO 2 IS HOLDING US HOSTAGE!

HENRIK

(WORRIED) MAYBE WE COULD ESCAPE THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW...

MERINO 2

(ENRAGED) MEEEE! TRY TO GET OUT AND I'LL BITE YOU ALL!

FILOMENA

(MUMBLING DRUNKENLY) BRIDE'S VEST... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE BRIDE. I USED TO WEAR A REAL VEST, NOT THIS SCRATCHED-UP THING...

BALTO

(SHRINKS THE TABLE EVEN MORE) NOW THE HEIGHT IS GOOD. WE CAN ALL SIT ON THE FLOOR AND REACH THE FOOD.

BORKO

(STILL IN HIS ROOM) THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THIS HELL. GOD HAS SPOKEN. LET THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDE'S VEST STAY WHERE THEY ARE.

(AGATA FALLS TO HER KNEES, HOLDING THE BRIDE'S VEST. HENRIK KNEELS BESIDE HER.)

AGATA

(DESPERATE) IT'S ALL RUINED... I'M THE BRIDE, BUT WITHOUT THE BRIDE'S VEST, I CAN'T BE A BRIDE...

HENRIK

(TRYING TO COMFORT HER) MAYBE... MAYBE WE CAN IMPROVISE. LET ME TRY TO FIX THE VEST.

FILOMENA

(WITH ALCOHOL IN HAND) DRINK, BRIDE. THERE'S NO POINT CRYING OVER THE VEST.

MERINO 2

(LAUGHING MALICIOUSLY) BAAAAA! YOU WON'T GET OUT, BRIDE, WITHOUT ME!

BALTO

(SATISFIED WITH HIS TABLE) NOW EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD BE. THE FOOD IS ACCESSIBLE, THE CHAIRS ARE JUST RIGHT... ALL THAT'S MISSING IS THE BRIDE'S VEST.

(AGATA COLLAPSES, HOLDING THE BRIDE'S VEST, WHILE EVERYONE ELSE CONTINUES TO LOOK AT THE CHAOS AROUND THEM, TRAPPED IN A HOUSE WITH NO EXIT.)

(THE ROOM IS NOW FILLED WITH TENSION. MERINO 2 CONTINUES TO GUARD THE DOOR FURIOUSLY, AND THE HOUSEHOLD MEMBERS ARE STILL TRAPPED. HENRIK PACES NERVOUSLY AROUND THE ROOM, DEEP IN THOUGHT. AGATA SITS WITH THE CRUMPLED REMNANTS OF THE BRIDAL VEIL, WHILE BALTO SHARPENS A SAW, AND FILOMENA SIPS FROM HER BOTTLE. HENRIK STOPS ABRUPTLY.)

HENRIK

(QUIETLY, ALMOST RELUCTANTLY) MAYBE... MAYBE THERE'S A WAY OUT.

AGATA

(LOOKS UP, HOPE IN HER EYES) WHAT, HENRIK? TELL ME, ANYTHING THAT CAN HELP US GET OUT AND MAKE IT TO THE WEDDING!

HENRIK

(RELUCTANTLY) I HAVE... I HAVE A COLLECTION. OF CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS.

(EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM IN DISGUST.)

AGATA

(AGHAST) A COLLECTION OF CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS? HENRIK...

HENRIK

(CONFESSES SHAMEFULLY) YES. I'VE BEEN COLLECTING AND HIDING THEM FOR YEARS. THERE ARE SO MANY THAT IF WE THROW THEM OUT THE WINDOW, THEY COULD CREATE A BIG ENOUGH HILL FOR US TO JUMP ONTO AND ESCAPE TO THE CHURCH.

FILOMENA

(LAUGHING) COMIC BOOKS? YOU, A GROWN MAN, READ CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS?

AGATA

(IN SHOCK) HENRIK, I'M THE BRIDE, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MARRYING A MATURE MAN, NOT SOMEONE WHO COLLECTS COMIC BOOKS!

BALTO

(NODDING) EVEN WORSE, CHILDREN'S COMICS!

HENRIK

(SADLY) I KNOW, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY. (PAUSE) WE'LL THROW THE COMICS, CREATE A MOUNTAIN OUT OF THEM, AND JUMP OVER THE WALL.

AGATA

(PONDERING) AND YOU REALLY THINK THAT PILE OF COMICS WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO SAVE THE BRIDE?

(HENRIK RUMMAGES THROUGH THE CLOSET, PULLING OUT COMICS ONE BY ONE. A PILE OF COMICS GROWS LARGER.)

AGATA

(SPOTS THE COMIC 'KRCKO VS. ANTHRACITE' AND PICKS IT UP WITH DISGUST) HENRIK! 'KRCKO VS. ANTHRACITE'? THIS IS HORRIBLE! HOW COULD YOU READ THIS? I'M THE BRIDE, AND YOU'RE READING THIS GARBAGE!

HENRIK

(ASHAMED) I KNOW, AGATA, BUT... IF THIS CAN GET YOU TO THE ALTAR, THE WEDDING DRESS, AND THE BRIDE WILL SURVIVE.

BALTO

(OBSERVING THE COMICS WITH INTEREST) YOU HAVE MORE COMICS THAN I'VE CHEWED CHAIRS IN MY LIFE. INCREDIBLE!

MERINO 2

(OUTSIDE) MEEEE! WHAT ARE YOU PLOTTING IN THERE? MEEEE! THE BRIDE ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE!

AGATA

(BITTERLY) COMICS... IF I WEREN'T THE BRIDE IN THE WEDDING DRESS, I WOULD NEVER AGREE TO SUCH A HUMILIATING SITUATION. BUT... WE HAVE NO CHOICE.

HENRIK

(SIGHS DEEPLY) OKAY. WE'LL THROW THEM OUT THE WINDOW.

(FILOMENA STUMBLES TO THE WINDOW, WATCHING HENRIK TOSS THE COMICS OUT THE OPEN WINDOW.)

FILOMENA

(LAUGHING) COMICS FOR A BRIDGE! HOW EMBARRASSING. BUT THE BRIDE MUST REACH THE CHURCH, MUSTN'T SHE?

BALTO

(LOOKING AT THE SAW IN HIS HAND) IF THAT PLAN DOESN'T WORK, WE CAN ALWAYS SAW THE TABLES AND BUILD A BRIDGE.

AGATA

(LOOKS AT FILOMENA) GRANDMA, PLEASE, TRY TO FIX THE BRIDE'S VEIL. I CAN'T GET MARRIED LIKE THIS.

FILOMENA

(WINKS) BRIDE, I'LL DO MY BEST. THE BRIDE'S VEIL MUST BE PERFECT.

(HENRIK CONTINUES THROWING OUT COMICS, THE PILE GROWING HIGHER OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. BORKO'S DOOR CREAKS OPEN. EVERYONE TURNS.)

BORKO

(QUIETLY, REPROACHFULLY) I SEE YOU'VE HIT ROCK BOTTOM. A BRIDGE OF COMICS? IT WILL SHAME THE BRIDE MORE THAN A RABID SHEEP.

(BORKO EXITS THE ROOM, WRAPPED IN CLEAR PLASTIC WRAP. AGATA STARES AT HIM, STUNNED.)

AGATA

BORKO! AFTER THREE YEARS... YOU'VE COME OUT OF YOUR ROOM?

BORKO

(SHRUGS) I'VE HEARD OF COMIC BOOKS. THIS MUST BE THE END OF THE WORLD.

HENRIK

(NERVOUSLY) IF THIS IS WHAT IT TAKES TO SAVE THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDE'S VEST... I'LL THROW THEM ALL!

BORKO

(SARCASTICALLY) YOU SEEM DETERMINED. IF I HAVE TO GO OUT ANYWAY, I'LL AT LEAST WATCH THE SHAME.

BALTO

(LOOKS AT BORKO SUSPICIOUSLY) A TRICK, BORKO?

BORKO

(SARCASTICALLY) PROTECTS ME FROM RABIES.

MERINO 2

(ANGRILY THROUGH THE WINDOW) BAAAA!

(AS BORKO STANDS AT THE DOOR, HENRIK THROWS THE LAST COMIC BOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. EVERYONE WATCHES AS A PILE OF COMIC BOOKS FORMS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.)

FILOMENA

(OBSERVING THE VEST IN HER HANDS) BRIDE, I THINK I SUCCEEDED. YOUR BRIDE'S VEST IS LIKE NEW NOW.

AGATA

(NERVOUSLY) THANK YOU, GRANDMA. IF ONLY WE CAN MANAGE TO ESCAPE...

BALTO

(AMAZED) A MOUNTAIN OF COMIC BOOKS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

HENRIK

(TRYING TO ENCOURAGE AGATA) BRIDE, NOW OR NEVER. LET'S DIVE INTO THE COMIC BOOKS AND RUN TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

AGATA

(LOOKS AT HENRIK) WITH THE WEDDING DRESS... (PAUSE) LET'S GO.

(EVERYONE GATHERS BY THE WINDOW, AS HENRIK REACHES FOR AGATA. MERINO 2 CONTINUES TO HOWL OUTSIDE.)

MERINO 2

(ANGRILY) MEEEE! BRIDE, YOU WON'T ESCAPE!

HENRIK

(LOOKS AT THE PILE OF COMICS) READY?

AGATA

(TAKES A DEEP BREATH, PUTS ON THE WEDDING DRESS) YES. I'M READY.

BALTO

(TAKES HIS SAW) I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES. IF WE GET TO THE CHURCH, I MIGHT SHORTEN THE TABLE THERE AFTER ALL.

FILOMENA

(LAUGHS) IF WE SURVIVE THE JUMP, MAYBE I'LL BE THE BRIDE.

BORKO

(SARCASTICALLY) IF YOU MANAGE TO SURVIVE THE COMIC BOOK BRIDGE, THEN YOU'LL DESERVE THE WEDDING.

(HENRIK IS THE FIRST TO EXIT THROUGH THE WINDOW, JUMPING ONTO THE PILE OF COMICS, WHILE MERINO 2 WATCHES FRUSTRATEDLY.)

HENRIK

(TURNS TO AGATA) LET'S GO, BRIDE! THE COMIC BOOK HILL IS SAFE!

AGATA

(SHIVERING) THE WEDDING DRESS... I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOING THIS. (JUMPS AFTER HIM.)

FILOMENA

(JUMPS UP, SHOUTING) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING IS AT THE DOOR!

BALTO

(JUMPS UP LAST, HOLDING A SAW IN HIS HAND) THE BRIDE WILL GET MARRIED!

MERINO 2

(SHOUTS ANGRILY) MEEEE!

BORKO

(SKEPTICALLY LOOKS AT THE PILE OF COMICS) GOD HAS FORGIVEN US EVERY SHAME.

(EVERYONE RUNS TOWARDS THE FENCE, JUMPING OVER THE PILE OF COMICS. AGATA HOLDS ONTO THE SWEATER, MAKING SURE NOT TO DESTROY IT.)

AGATA

(LOOKS TOWARDS THE CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE) WE'RE ALMOST THERE. JUST A LITTLE MORE...

HENRIK

(HELPS HER) DON'T WORRY, BRIDE. THE BRIDE'S SWEATER IS SAFE, AND WE'RE ALMOST OUT.

FILOMENA

(PANTING) THE BRIDE'S SWEATER LOOKS PERFECT!

BALTO

(WITH A SAW IN HAND) IF I SHORTEN THE LEGS OF THE CHURCH PEWS, EVERYTHING WILL BE PERFECT.

BORKO

(RUNS AFTER THEM, WRAPPED IN FOIL) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING OR THE END OF THE WORLD.

(THE HOUSEHOLD RUSHES TOWARDS THE FENCE, EACH WITH INCREDIBLE DETERMINATION. HENRIK AND AGATA LEAD THE WAY, WHILE BALTO CARRIES HIS SAW, AND FILOMENA, BORKO, AND THE REST FOLLOW. MERINO 2 HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE, HELPLESS TO STOP THEM.)

AGATA

(GAZING TOWARDS THE CHURCH) THE WEDDING DRESS IS IMMACULATE... BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE JUMPING OVER A HILL OF COMIC BOOKS!

HENRIK

(FEELING GUILTY) I KNOW, BRIDE... I KNOW THIS IS HUMILIATING. BUT... I'M DOING THIS FOR US. TO GET TO THE WEDDING.

AGATA

(UPSET) WHEN WE GOT ENGAGED, I NEVER THOUGHT MY WEDDING DRESS WOULD GO THROUGH SUCH SHAME.

FILOMENA

(LAUGHING LOUDLY AS SHE RUNS) AH, BRIDE! SHAME OR NOT, YOUR DRESS LOOKS PERFECT!

BALTO

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHURCH) IF NOTHING ELSE, THE CHURCH TABLE LEGS DON'T LOOK TOO BAD...

BORKO

(CYNICALLY, WHILE STILL RUNNING) ALL THIS JUST SO THE BRIDE CAN MAKE IT TO THE WEDDING. WHAT AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE.

(THEY REACH THE FENCE. EVERYONE STOPS, LOOKING AT THE OBSTACLE BEFORE THEM. HENRIK HELPS AGATA OVER THE FENCE. THE REST OF THE HOUSEHOLD FOLLOWS.)

HENRIK

(TO AGATA, GENTLY) HOLD ON, BRIDE. JUST A FEW MORE STEPS AND WE'VE ARRIVED.

AGATA

(HOLDING ONTO HIM) THIS DAY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PERFECT, BUT I FEEL LIKE EVERYTHING HAS GONE IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. STILL, THE BRIDE'S VEIL IS SAVED...

BALTO

(JUMPING OVER THE FENCE WITH A SAW IN HAND) IF NOTHING ELSE, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE MOMENT I SHORTEN THE CHURCH PEWS.

FILOMENA

(AS SHE JUMPS OVER THE FENCE) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING WON'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT ME. COME ON, BRIDE, YOUR VEIL AWAITS YOU!

BORKO

(CLIMBING OVER THE FENCE WITH FOIL WRAPPED AROUND HIM) WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE GOD FOR THIS DISGRACE.

AGATA

(LOOKING BACK AT THEM, WORRIED) WILL WE EVER BE ABLE TO FORGET THIS HUMILIATION?

(THE FAMILY MEMBERS FINALLY REACH THE PATH LEADING STRAIGHT TO THE CHURCH. HENRIK QUICKENS HIS PACE, WHILE AGATA ADJUSTS HER BRIDAL VEIL, NOT WANTING ANYTHING ELSE TO GO WRONG.)

HENRIK

(ENCOURAGING THEM) LET'S GO, BRIDE! THE WEDDING GUESTS ARE WAITING FOR US.

AGATA

(CONFUSED) AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED, I'M NOT SURE I CAN STAND AT THE ALTAR. I FEEL LIKE A BRIDE WITHOUT DIGNITY, EVEN WITH THIS BRIDAL VEIL.

FILOMENA

(APPROACHING HER, PLACING A HAND ON HER SHOULDER) A BRIDE'S DIGNITY ISN'T IN HER VEIL, BUT IN HER HEART. AND YOUR BRIDAL VEIL IS PERFECT NOW.

BALTO

(LOOKING AT THE CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE) WE'LL GET THERE, BRIDE, AND I'LL PERSONALLY CHECK IF THE TABLE IS ALRIGHT.

BORKO

(SHRUGS) LET'S JUST HOPE GOD DOESN'T DECIDE TO INTERVENE BEFORE WE REACH THE ALTAR.

AGATA

(SUSPICIOUSLY) I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS DAY... BUT I'LL GO FORWARD.

(FINALLY, THE CHURCH RISES BEFORE THEM, AND THE WEDDING GUESTS ARE GATHERED OUTSIDE, WAITING. HENRIK AND AGATA LEAD THE GROUP, WHILE FILOMENA, BALTO, AND BORKO FOLLOW BEHIND THEM. THE GUESTS LOOK AT THEM, SURPRISED BY THEIR ARRIVAL, ESPECIALLY BY BORKO'S UNUSUAL APPEARANCE.)

HENRIK

(WITH RELIEF) WE'VE ARRIVED... BRIDE, ARE YOU READY?

AGATA

(TAKES A DEEP BREATH, HER FINGERS BRUSHING OVER THE WEDDING DRESS) I'M READY. BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED.

FILOMENA

(CHEERFULLY) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING WON'T BE RUINED BY A SHEEP OR COMICS!

BALTO

(APPROACHES THE CHURCH, LOOKING AT THE TABLE) IF YOU LET ME INSIDE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU WITH THE FURNITURE...

BORKO

(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING DIDN'T GO WITHOUT DIVINE PUNISHMENT, BUT PERHAPS WE CAN STILL BE SAVED.

HENRIK

(QUIETLY) BRIDE, EVERYTHING IS READY.

ACT THREE

(THEY ENTER THE CHURCH. ALL EYES ARE ON THE BRIDE. AGATA STANDS BEFORE THE ALTAR, WITH HENRIK NERVOUSLY STANDING BESIDE HER. FILOMENA AND BALTO SIT EXCITEDLY IN THEIR SHORTENED CHAIRS, WHILE BORKO, WRAPPED IN FOIL, SITS AWAY FROM EVERYONE. SILENCE CAN BE HEARD, BUT TENSION IS PRESENT.)

BORKO

(STILL WRAPPED IN FOIL, BUT READY FOR THE CEREMONY) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING IS BEFORE US.

AGATA

(TREMBLING) ARE WE REALLY HERE? THE BRIDE'S VEIL IS PRESERVED... BUT WHAT NOW?

HENRIK

(QUIETLY, TO HER) BRIDE, WE ARE HERE NOW. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT.

FILOMENA

(WHISPERING TO BALTO) MAYBE IT'S NOT HOW WE PLANNED IT, BUT THE BRIDE'S VEIL LOOKS PERFECT.

BALTO

(QUIETLY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR, GENTLY SAWING THE AIR WITH HIS HAND) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING NEVER GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.

(THE CEREMONY BEGINS. AGATA STANDS IN HER WEDDING VEIL, ALTHOUGH SHE FEELS INSECURE. HENRIK STANDS BESIDE HER, AS THE PRIEST SAYS THE FIRST WORDS.)

BORKO

(LOUDLY, BUT SLIGHTLY UNINTELLIGIBLY AS HE SPEAKS THROUGH THE FOIL) TODAY WE ARE HERE TO WITNESS THE HOLY ACT OF MARRIAGE...

AGATA

(QUIETLY, TOWARDS HENRIK) ARE WE READY? AFTER EVERYTHING?

HENRIK

(WITH A SMILE) BRIDE, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERYTHING TOGETHER. THIS IS OUR MOMENT NOW.

FILOMENA

(HAPPY) THE BRIDE'S DRESS SHINES AT THE ALTAR!

BALTO

(WATCHING BORKO) IF YOU LET ME NEAR THE TABLE, IT WILL BE PERFECT.

(THE CEREMONY CONTINUES. HENRIK AND AGATA EXCHANGE VOWS. AGATA FEELS THE TENSION EASING, WHILE FILOMENA AND BALTO WATCH SUSPICIOUSLY.)

AGATA

(THROUGH TEARS) THE BRIDE'S DRESS HAS BEEN THROUGH ALL THESE TROUBLES... BUT NOW I FEEL PEACE.

HENRIK

(GENTLY) BRIDE, WE HAVE WON. THIS IS OUR MOMENT.

FILOMENA

(CHEERFULLY) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING! SOON EVERYTHING WILL BE PERFECT.

BALTO

(THOUGHTFULLY) AND I WILL SHORTEN EVERYTHING THAT NEEDS IT AFTERWARD.

(AFTER BORKO FINISHES THE CEREMONY, THE WEDDING GUESTS APPLAUD. HENRIK AND AGATA ARE NOW OFFICIALLY MARRIED. AGATA FEELS RELIEVED, THOUGH TRACES OF CHAOS ARE STILL PRESENT.)

BORKO

(WITH A SMILE) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING IS OVER.

AGATA

(WHISPERING TO HENRIK) WE DID IT... THE BRIDE'S VEIL IS SAFE.

HENRIK

(SMILING) BRIDE, OUR NEW LIFE BEGINS NOW. I MAY NOT UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING ABOUT VEILS... BUT I KNOW ONE THING. THE BRIDE IN THE VEIL MUST BE HAPPY. THAT IS ALL I WISH FOR YOU. AND FOR COMICS TO BE BANNED IN THAT PERFECT WORLD OF OURS.

AGATA

(SMILING GENTLY) A BRIDE'S VEIL... AND A WORLD WITHOUT COMICS? MAYBE THAT'S ALL I NEED, HENRIK. MAYBE THE VEIL IS SOFT ENOUGH TO HIDE ALL OUR SECRETS.

(AS EVERYONE PREPARES TO LEAVE THE CHURCH, MERINO 2 APPEARS AT THE DOORS, BLEATING FURIOUSLY, BUT UNABLE TO ENTER. THE ASSEMBLED WEDDING GUESTS FREEZE AND LOOK AT THE SHEEP, THEN AT HENRIK AND AGATA, NOW A MARRIED COUPLE, HOLDING HANDS. THE BRIDE'S VEIL STILL GLISTENS ON AGATA.)

MERINO 2

(OUTSIDE THE CHURCH, FURIOUSLY) BAAAA!

AGATA

(LOOKING THROUGH THE DOORS) THAT SHEEP... THAT UNFORTUNATE SHEEP! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT EVEN AFTER THE WEDDING WE CAN'T HAVE PEACE?

HENRIK

(CONCILIATORY) BRIDE, WE ARE ONE NOW. NO SHEEP, NOT EVEN MERINO 2, CAN STAND BETWEEN US ANYMORE.

FILOMENA

(RAISING HER HANDS IN THE AIR, JOYFULLY) THE BRIDE'S VEIL IS STILL CLEAN! THE WEDDING IS OVER, LET THE PARTY BEGIN!

BALTO

(OBSERVING THE SHEEP) HM, MAYBE I COULD SHEAR THAT SHEEP... IT'S A LITTLE TOO BIG FOR THIS CEREMONY.

BORKO

(SITS, OBSERVING THE SCENE) GOD CERTAINLY HAD STRANGE PLANS FOR THE BRIDE'S WEDDING.

(THE WEDDING GUESTS BEGIN TO EXIT THE CHURCH, DESPITE THE NOISE. HENRIK AND AGATA LEAD THE PROCESSION, WITH OTHERS FOLLOWING THEM. THE SUN IS SLOWLY SETTING AS THEY WALK TOWARDS THE SPACIOUS MEADOW WHERE THE CELEBRATION WILL TAKE PLACE.)

AGATA

(QUIETLY TO HENRIK) YOU KNOW, HENRIK... EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED, FROM THOSE COMICS, TO THIS BRIDE'S VEIL... IT ALL SOMEHOW MAKES SENSE.

HENRIK

(SMILES) BRIDE, WE'VE LEARNED THAT NOTHING CAN BREAK US. NOT EVEN CHILDREN'S COMICS.

AGATA

(SMILING) STILL, "NUTCRACKER VS. ANTHRACITE" REMAINS THE WORST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.

FILOMENA

(LAUGHS LOUDLY) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY! AND THE BRIDE'S VEIL WILL BE TOLD THROUGH GENERATIONS!

BALTO

(THOUGHTFULLY) I'D STILL LIKE TO WORK ON THE TABLE A BIT. I THINK IT COULD BE PERFECT.

BORKO

(JOINS THE WALK, OBSERVING THE SCENE. ALONG THE WAY, AS IF DANCING SOME BIZARRE LIMBO, HE UNWRAPS HIMSELF FROM THE PLASTIC WRAP) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING HAS BEEN THROUGH TRIALS, BUT IT SEEMS WE'VE SUCCEEDED.

(ARRIVING AT THE MEADOW, THE GUESTS GATHER AROUND A LARGE TABLE, PERFECTLY SET FOR DINNER. HENRIK AND AGATA SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, WHILE EVERYONE ELSE TAKES THEIR SEATS. THE SUN CASTS GOLDEN RAYS ACROSS THE VAST MEADOW, AND A BREEZE CARESSES AGATA'S WEDDING VEIL.)

AGATA

(WITH RELIEF) I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S ALL OVER. I FEEL LIKE A REAL BRIDE, FINALLY.

HENRIK

(GENTLY) BRIDE, FROM TODAY WE ARE TOGETHER. AND ALL THESE ADVENTURES WILL BE JUST MEMORIES OF OUR JOURNEY.

FILOMENA

(RAISING HER GLASS) TO THE BRIDE AND HER VEIL! AND TO HENRIK, WHO SACRIFICED ALL THE COMICS FOR LOVE!

BORKO

(SERIOUSLY) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING WAS A CHALLENGE, BUT NOW WE ARE ALL HERE.

(THE WEDDING GUESTS BEGIN TO EAT, AND CONVERSATIONS BUZZ EXCITEDLY AROUND THE TABLE. ALTHOUGH EVERYONE HAS GONE THROUGH UNIMAGINABLE SITUATIONS, THE DINNER PROCEEDS PEACEFULLY. AGATA LAUGHS, WHILE HENRIK TALKS ABOUT HIS COMIC BOOK HOBBY AND HOW IT ALL ENDED UP BEING THEIR SALVATION.)

AGATA

(SMILING) I HAVE TO ADMIT, HENRIK, YOUR SECRET COMIC BOOK COLLECTION WAS AN AMAZING ESCAPE STRATEGY.

HENRIK

(LAUGHS) I NEVER THOUGHT MY LOVE FOR CHILDREN'S COMICS WOULD SAVE OUR DAY.

FILOMENA

(CHEERFULLY) BRIDE, YOUR VEIL DESERVES CONGRATULATIONS. AND HENRIK'S HEART IS LIKE SOFT WOOL... PERHAPS LIKE THAT WEDDING VEIL!

BORKO

(SMILING) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING SHOWED THAT GOD'S WILL IS STRANGER THAN ANY COMIC STRIP.

(AS DINNER PROGRESSES, THE ATMOSPHERE BECOMES RELAXED. EVEN MERINO 2 IS QUIET NOW, OBSERVING FROM A SAFE DISTANCE. GUESTS SLOWLY START TO GET UP AND DANCE ON THE LAWN, WHILE AGATA AND HENRIK REMAIN SEATED, WATCHING THEM WITH A SMILE.)

AGATA

(OBSERVING THE WEDDING GUESTS) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING WAS A SUCCESS. MAYBE IT WASN'T PERFECT, BUT NOW IT'S CLEAR TO ME... PERFECTION ISN'T WHAT MAKES A DAY SPECIAL.

HENRIK

(AMAZED) BRIDE, THIS WHOLE DAY HAS BEEN WONDERFUL, PRECISELY BECAUSE OF ALL THE THINGS WE COULDN'T PLAN.

FILOMENA

(RAISES HER GLASS) TO THE BRIDE AND HER VEIL, WHICH HAS ENDURED MORE THAN ANY OTHER!

BALTO

(RAISES HIS GLASS, STILL THINKING ABOUT THE TABLE) AND TO THE TABLE, WHICH, AFTER A SMALL CORRECTION, WILL BE PERFECT!

BORKO

(QUIETLY, WITH A SMILE) THE BRIDE'S WEDDING... SOMETHING WE WILL REMEMBER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

(AGATA AND HENRIK GET UP, JOINING THE GUESTS ON THE LAWN. THE DANCE FLOOR NOW SPREADS ACROSS THE ENTIRE MEADOW. MOONLIGHT BEGINS TO ILLUMINATE THE SCENE, GIVING THE EVENING A MAGICAL ATMOSPHERE. AGATA DANCES WITH HENRIK, WHILE THE BRIDE'S VEIL FLUTTERS IN THE WIND.)

AGATA

(THOUGHTFULLY, AS SHE DANCES) HENRIK... ALL THIS DAY... I UNDERSTAND NOW. IT WASN'T IMPORTANT HOW WE GOT HERE. WHAT MATTERS IS THAT WE ARRIVED TOGETHER.

HENRIK

(LOOKING AT HER LOVINGLY) BRIDE, YOU ARE MY DESTINY. REGARDLESS OF ALL THE COMICS, THE SHEEP, AND THE BRIDAL VEIL... IN THE END, WE ARE NOW ONE.

BALTO

(LOOKS AT THE OLD TABLE, BUT FINALLY RELAXES) LET IT BE AS IT IS...

(AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON, GUESTS GATHER AROUND THE FIRE. HENRIK AND AGATA SIT TOGETHER, SAVORING THE LAST MOMENTS OF THEIR DAY. THE BRIDAL VEIL REMAINS UNTOUCHED, AND THE ATMOSPHERE AROUND THEM IS PEACEFUL. EVERYONE FEELS RELIEVED.)

HENRIK

(LOOKING AT AGATA, QUIETLY) BRIDE, THIS WAS OUR DAY. AND NOW IT'S FINALLY TIME FOR US TO REST.

AGATA

(WITH A SIGH) YES... IT'S ALL BEHIND US. AND I FINALLY FEEL LIKE A TRUE BRIDE IN MY BRIDAL VEIL.

FILOMENA

(SITS NEXT TO THEM) AH, THE BRIDE'S WEDDING... I'M SURE IT WILL BE TALKED ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME.

BALTO

(FROM A DISTANCE) AND THE TABLES WILL TELL THEIR STORY, I'M SURE.

BORKO

(STARING AT THE FIRE) GOD'S PLAN IS ALWAYS BIGGER THAN OUR SMALL WORRIES. THE BRIDE'S WEDDING PROVED THAT. HOWEVER, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RETIRE TO MY ROOM. I WILL EMERGE FROM IT IN EXACTLY 10 YEARS, WHEN, IF GOD WILLS IT, YOUR OFFSPRING, DEAR AGATA AND HENRIK, START THIRD GRADE.

(BORKO CEREMONIALLY RISES FROM THE SOMEWHAT TOO LOW STOOL AND HURRIES HOME. SOON, THE OTHERS FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE. AFTER EVERYONE HAS LEFT, AGATA AND HENRIK SIT ALONE BY THE FIRE. THE WIND RUSTLES THROUGH THE TREES, AND THE BRIDE'S VEIL GENTLY FLUTTERS IN THE BREEZE. HENRIK IS UNUSUALLY QUIET, AND HIS EYES BEGIN TO GLOW WITH A STRANGE REDDISH HUE. AGATA NOTICES SOMETHING IS WRONG.)

AGATA

(QUIETLY) HENRIK? IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

HENRIK

(GRABS HER HAND, BUT HIS GAZE IS DISTANT) BRIDE... I... I HAVE TO CONFESS SOMETHING.

AGATA

(WORRIED) WHAT'S HAPPENING? TELL ME.

HENRIK

(WITH DIFFICULTY) MERINO 2... BIT ME. WHEN WE WERE FLEEING THE HOUSE... I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU RIGHT AWAY... BUT NOW I FEEL... SOMETHING STRANGE.

AGATA

(SHOCKED) MERINO 2? BIT YOU? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HENRIK

(STARTS TO SHAKE, SWEAT BREAKING OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD) I'M AFRAID IT'S... RABIES. I FEEL MY BODY BURNING... AND I CAN'T CONTROL MY THOUGHTS. SOMETHING IS TAKING OVER ME, AGATA...

THE VEIL CONTINUES TO FLUTTER IN THE BREEZE.

AGATA

(IN SHOCK) NO... IT CAN'T BE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HENRIK

(CHOKING, BUT THROUGH PAINFUL LAUGHTER) IT SEEMS MERINO 2 WASN'T JUST A SHEEP... RAGE IS CONSUMING ME, AGATA. AND MORE AND MORE... (HIS VOICE GROWS MOCKINGLY) ...MORE AND MORE I FEEL... AN INCREDIBLE DESIRE...

AGATA

(TERRIFIED) DESIRE? FOR WHAT?

HENRIK

(LAUGHING HEARTILY, THOUGH CLEARLY IN AGONY) FOR COMIC BOOKS, AGA-TA... FOR CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS... ESPECIALLY FOR KRCKO! ALL THOSE SILLY STORIES ABOUT KRCKO AND HIS BATTLES AGAINST EVIL! I CAN'T GET THEM OUT OF MY HEAD... I CRAVE THEM!

AGATA

(MORE DISGUSTED) HENRIK, THIS ISN'T NORMAL! YOU CAN'T... YOU MUSTN'T LET THE ILLNESS CONSUME YOU!

HENRIK

(HIS FACE CONTORTS IN PAIN AS HE GASPS FOR AIR) IT'S TOO LATE, AGATA... THE ILLNESS IS STRONGER... I FEEL MYSELF FADING, BEING POSSESSED BY A PASSION FOR COMIC BOOKS... (DISGUSTED) SOON I WON'T BE HUMAN, JUST ANOTHER... FREAK OBSESSED WITH CHILDREN'S STORIES...

(AGATA IS IN TEARS, NOT KNOWING HOW TO HELP HIM. HENRIK IS LOSING CONTROL, MORE AND MORE FOAM COMING FROM HIS MOUTH, HIS EYES ROLLING BACK.)

AGATA

(PANICKED) HENRIK! YOU CAN'T GIVE UP! WE HAVE TO SAVE YOU!

HENRIK

(IN A GUTTURAL VOICE) TOO LATE... I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME LIKE THIS... I DON'T WANT YOU TO REMEMBER ME AS A MONSTER!

(HENRIK GETS UP, TREMBLING, AND STARTS TO STAGGER TOWARDS THE NEARBY WELL. AGATA TRIES TO STOP HIM, BUT HE IS TOO WEAK AND DELIRIOUS FROM ILLNESS.)

AGATA

(SHE RUNS AFTER HIM, DESPERATE) HENRIK, PLEASE! DON'T DO IT!

HENRIK

(WITH HIS LAST STRENGTH) I LOVE YOU, AGATA... BUT I'M NOT MYSELF ANYMORE. I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU... FORGIVE ME...

(AT THAT MOMENT, HENRIK THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE WELL, AND THE COLD, DEEP ECHO OF WATER FILLS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. AGATA REMAINS PARALYZED WITH HORROR, STARING AT THE WELL. AGATA KNEELS BESIDE THE WELL, UNABLE TO

BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED. TEARS STREAM DOWN HER FACE AS SHE HOLDS HER HANDS OVER HER MOUTH, BATTLING HER EMOTIONS. SHE FEELS COMPLETELY LOST.)

AGATA

(WHISPERING) HENRIK... WHY...

(SHE FINALLY MANAGES TO STAND UP, STILL IN SHOCK. SHE SLOWLY WALKS BACK TOWARDS THE FIRES THAT HAVE NOW DIED DOWN, CLUTCHING HER WEDDING DRESS, WHICH IS NOW JUST COLD FABRIC ON HER SHOULDERS.)

AGATA

(SOFTLY) THE WEDDING DRESS... WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME? JUST THIS DRESS...

(ALONE, WITH SADNESS PERVADING EVERY CORNER OF HER SOUL, AGATA BEGINS TO REFLECT ON EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED. HER GAZE FALLS ON THE DRESS, WHICH UNTIL THEN HAD SYMBOLIZED LOVE AND MARRIAGE FOR HER, BUT NOW SHE SAW SOMETHING ELSE.)

AGATA

(TO HERSELF, BITTERLY) THIS IS NO LONGER A WEDDING DRESS... THIS IS A WIDOW'S DRESS...

(HER TEARS START TO FLOW AGAIN, BUT SHE FEELS SOMETHING NEW GROWING IN HER HEART. SADNESS TURNS INTO A BITTER PEACE, AND SHE LIGHTLY RUNS HER FINGERS OVER THE WOOL. IN THE SWEATER, SHE FINDS COMFORT, ALMOST AS IF THE SWEATER HAD TAKEN ON THE BURDEN OF HER SADNESS.)

AGATA

(WHISPERING) A WIDOW'S SWEATER...

(SHE FEELS THE COLD OF THE NIGHT AS SHE REFLECTS ON HENRIK AND THE STRANGE CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT LED THEM TO THIS TRAGIC FATE. BUT DESPITE IT ALL, ONE CONCLUSION SLOWLY EMERGES IN HER MIND, ALMOST LIKE IRONIC WISDOM.)

AGATA

(WITH A TEARFUL SMILE) A WIDOW'S HOOK... ISN'T THAT ALL THIS WORLD IS? IT ALWAYS CATCHES US IN ITS TRAPS...

(AGATA RETREATS INTO THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT, AS THE WIND GENTLY HOWLS AROUND HER. SHE STANDS BY THE WELL, HOLDING ONTO THE WIDOW'S SWEATER, FEELING THAT HENRIK, IN A WAY, LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND FOR HER. SHE CANNOT BRING HIM BACK, BUT SHE CAN FIND PEACE IN WHAT SHE HAS LEFT.)

AGATA

(ALONE, QUIETLY) PERHAPS THIS SWEATER ISN'T JUST FOR A BRIDE... NOR JUST FOR A WIDOW. PERHAPS THIS IS SIMPLY... A SURVIVOR'S SWEATER.

(FINALLY, AGATA SLOWLY LEAVES THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY, WITH DEEP SADNESS, BUT ALSO WITH NEW STRENGTH IN HER HEART. THE WIDOW'S SWEATER, NOW HER SYMBOL OF STRUGGLE AND SURVIVAL, ENVELOPS HER LIKE A PROTECTIVE LAYER

AGAINST THE COLD COMING FROM A WORLD THAT HAS NEVER BEEN MERCIFUL TO THOSE WHO LOVED. SHE LEAVES BEHIND THE WELL, MEMORIES, AND THE NIGHT THAT FOREVER CHANGED HER LIFE.)

THE END

mladost

I'LL FUCK YOU, I'LL FUCK YOU! BY THE THRIPLE CUNT OF MY MOTHER, WHO ARE YOU TWO? CHINESE? WHERE DID YOU GET OUR CADILLAC? WE DRIVE FUCKING YUGOS HERE, AND YOU...
AND HOW DID YOU EVEN MANAGE TO SURVIVE A NUCLEAR MISSILE? NOT EVEN A SCRATCH ON YOU!
DREX DREXLER AND COMRADE TITO ARE IMPRISONED IN AN AMERICAN BASE ON THE VISIBLE SIDE OF THE MOON. AMERICANS ARE CELEBRATING HALLOWEEN...

THE CADILLAC IS WELL MADE, THE PRIDE OF THE AMERICAN AUTO INDUSTRY!
DON'T FUCK WITH ME, ASIAN!
NOTHING CAN SURVIVE A HYDROGEN BOMB! DO YOU HAVE SOME NEW SHIELD TECHNOLOGY? JOHN, TAKE HIS HELMET OFF!
ON IT, BOSS! IT'S ON TIGHT AS A PICKLE-JAR LID, UMPH!
LET ME GIVELIM A WATERBOARDING, I'M MISSING SOME ACTION SINCE GUANTANAMO BAY. OR AT LEAST LET ME SIT ON HIS NECK WITH MY KNEE FOR A BIT!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THE GUY IS JUST A REGULAR WHITE GUY, DAMMIT!
DREX DREXLER FROM OPATIJA, CROATIA!
WE ARE IN NATO, WE ARE ON THE SAME SIDE. WE ESCAPED FROM THE HIDDEN SIDE OF THE MOON. THE SLOVENES IMPRISONED US THERE.
ALTHOUGH, THEY ARE POSSESSED BY DEMONS. OTHERWISE, THEY WOULD BE COMPLETELY GOOD SLOVENES!

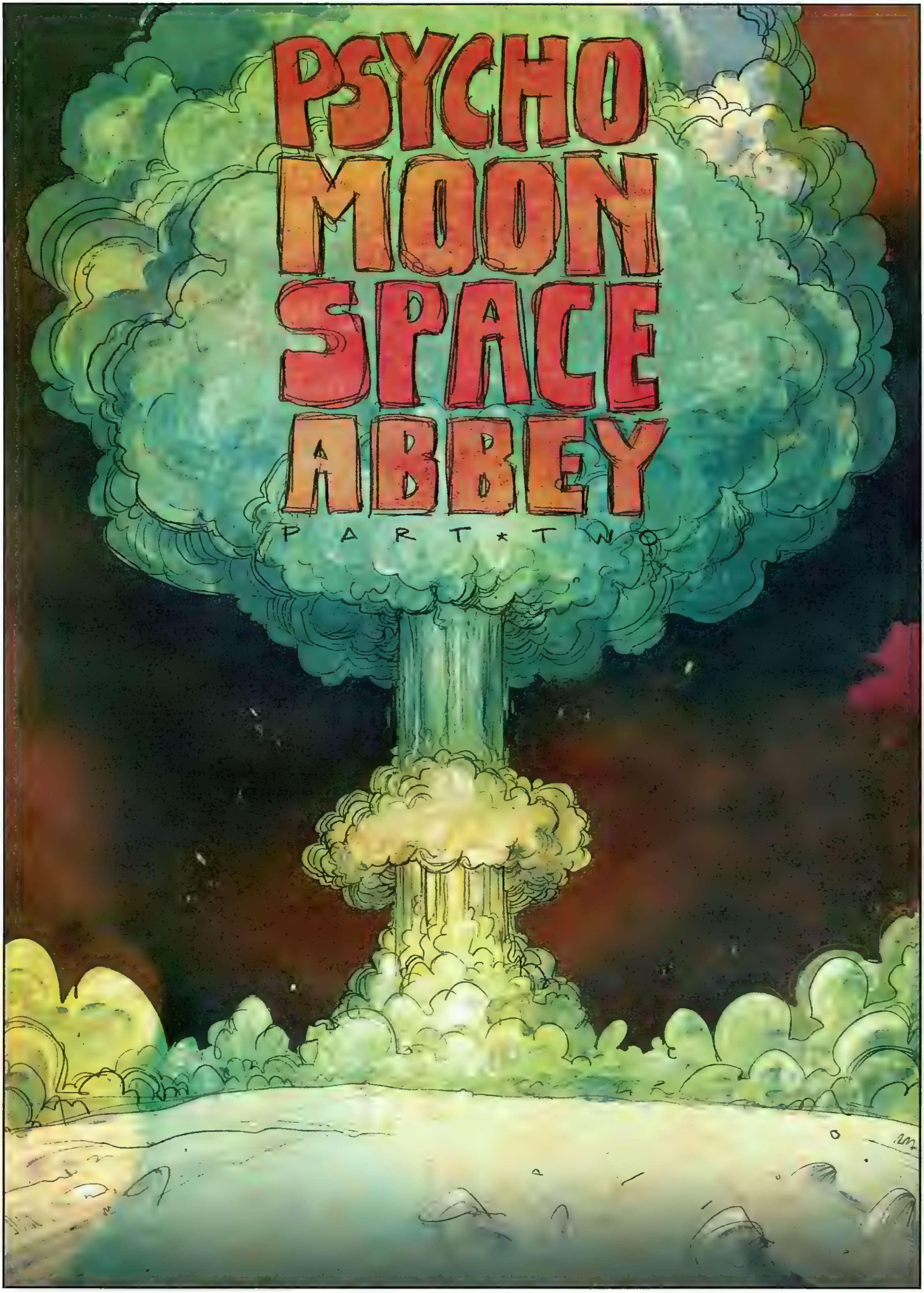
SORRY, BUT EVEN SLOVENES ARE IN NATO, SO WHY THE CONFLICT BETWEEN ALLIES? NOT TO MENTION THAT AT HOME, THE FIRST LADY WAS AT LEAST TWICE A "SLOVENIAN WOMAN"!
DEMONS HAVE THEM COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL, MADAM!
INDIVIDUALS WHO YODEL ARE SUBJECT TO DEMONS. THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM IN SLOVENIA! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVEN'T MANAGED TO POSSESS ME.
FUCK EVERYTHING, THEY COULD GET ME! MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER IS GEORGE WATSON, THE FIRST AMERICAN TO RECORD A YODELING SONG! I HAPPILY SING THAT EVERY INDEPENDENCE DAY.
AHA, YOUR FRIEND IS SCREWED!
ARE YOU WELL, COMRADE TITO?
MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE HIM OUT OF THE SPACESUIT? HE HASN'T MADE A SOUND IN A LONG TIME, AND HE HAS OBVIOUSLY LOST A LOT OF BLOOD!
GNNN... IT'S STUCK! FUCK THIS EASTERN-EUROPEAN JUNK!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY, YOU'LL KILL TITO!

!?
HAZAAR!!! HOLY CRAP, WHERE'S HIS ASS!?
SWOSHHHH!

TITO, HE'S GONE LIQUID! BLUES MUST HAVE COMPLETELY DISSOLVED HIM ALREADY, MAN!!!

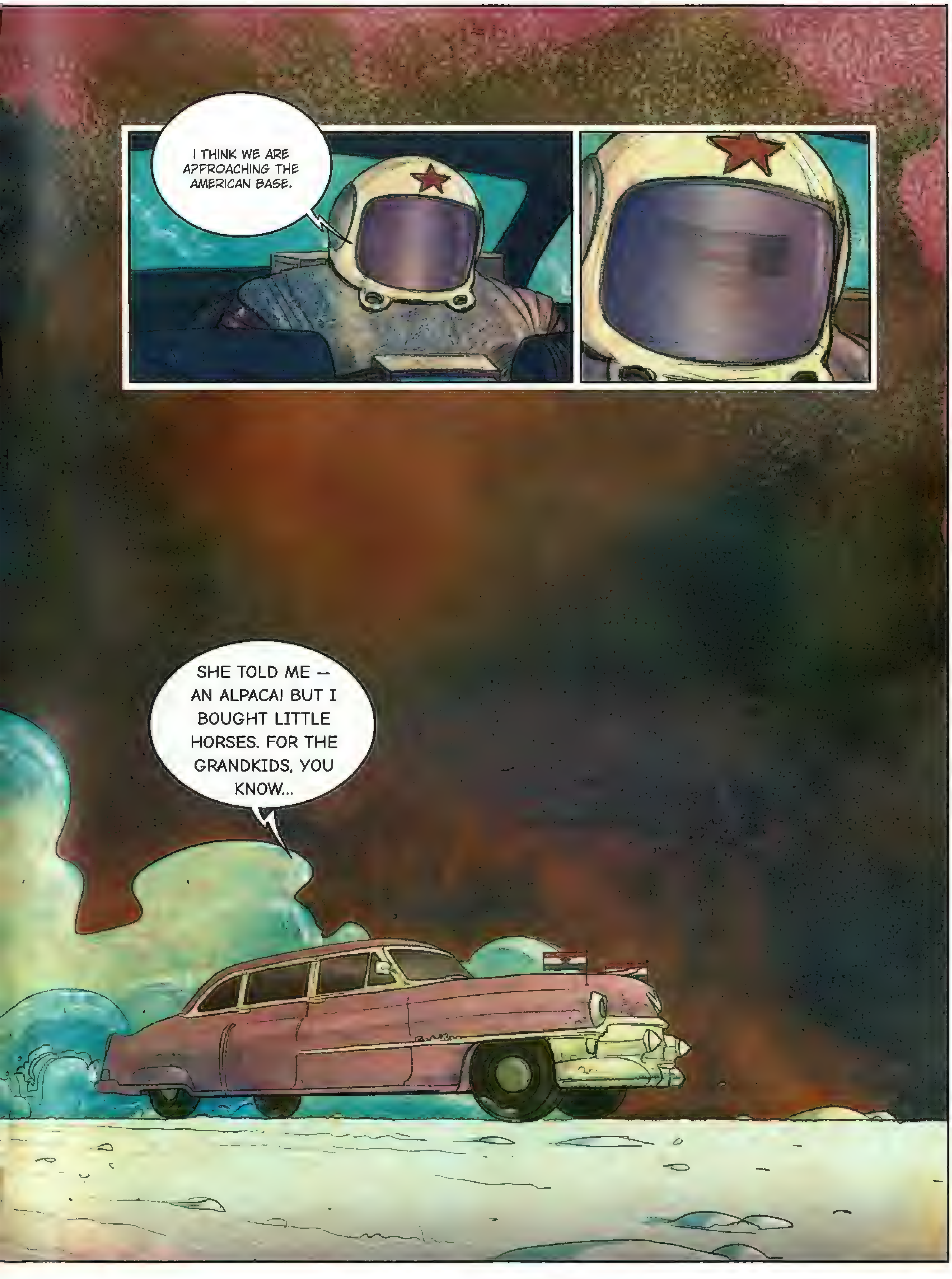
FAK! WITHOUT HIS INJECTIONS AND TRANSFUSIONS HE COULDN'T HOLD HIMSELF TOGETHER!
ZIGGY, FIND A CAN OR SOMETHING TO COVER HIM WITH!

I'M COMING, BOSS! I JUST HAVE ONE CANISTER!
FRENCH, METAL, FOR OIL! I BOUGHT IT AT MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS!
SPLAT!
THEN WE'LL FILL IT WITH GOO!
WE CAN RECYCLE HIM NICELY THROUGH THE BASE PLUMBING
SQUASH
WHAT A SAD FATE — FROM THORNS TO THE STARS, ONLY TO BE SLURPED UP BY THE YANKS IN THE END.
ALRIGHT, SHUT THAT PATHETIC TRAP, CROAT! WE'LL THROW YOU IN THE BRIG WHILE WE CHECK YOUR STORY
YODLEIHL!!
BETGUY, PUT HIM IN A CELL AND BRING US MORE WHISKEY FROM THE PANTRY, THE FUN ISN'T OVER YET!


PSYCHO
MOON
SPACE
ABBEY
PART * TWO

NO... I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW WE SURVIVED THIS?
HOLD ON, YOUNGSTER! THAT WAS AN ATOMIC DETONATION. I REMEMBER SEEING ONE WITH JOVANKA AT BRIJUNI.
SIMPLY PUT, THE YOUTH RELAY REACTED TO THE STRONG DETONATION AND PROTECTED US IN THE CAR!
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT VIBRATES WILDLY, AS IF ITS BATTERY WAS SET TO MAXIMUM!

WE ARE FREE, UNALIGNED IN ARMAGEDDON! FLOOR IT, YOUTH! THIS CADDY IS A REAL BEAST, YOU KNOW. I REMEMBER DRIVING JOVANKA LIKE THIS AROUND BRIJUNI.
I ASKED HER: JOVANKA, D'YOU LIKE A LITTLE HORSE BETTER, OR A LITTLE LLAMA?


I THINK WE ARE APPROACHING THE AMERICAN BASE.
SHE TOLD ME — AN ALPACA! BUT I BOUGHT LITTLE HORSES. FOR THE GRANDKIDS, YOU KNOW...

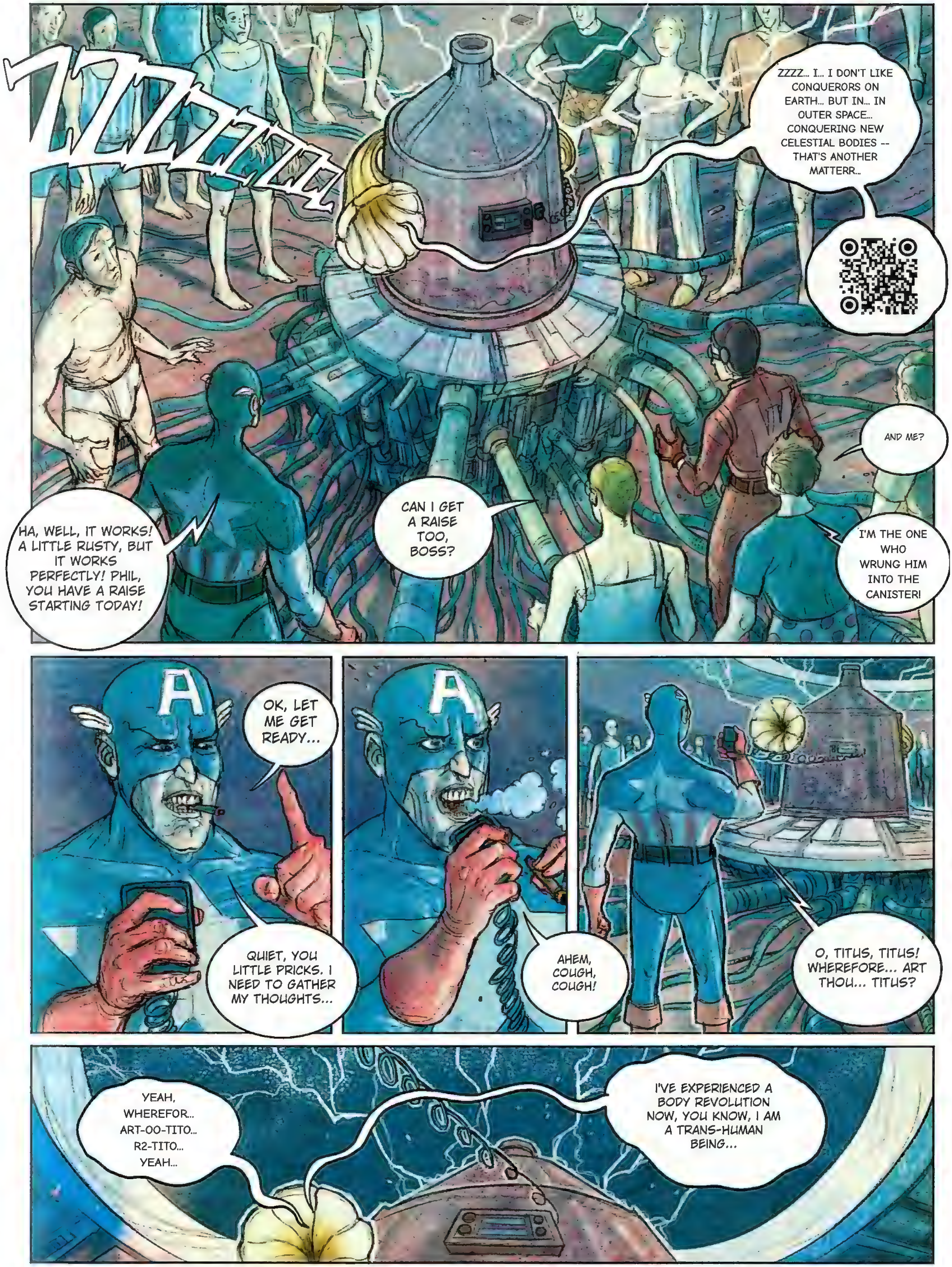
THEY HAVE BIG PIPES, THEY'RE PROBABLY QUICK ON THE TRIGGER. IT'S LIKE WE'RE ON THE WILD SIDE OF THE MOON!
I KNOW THEM VERY WELL, THEY LOVE MONEY MORE THAN ANYTHING.
CHECK IF WE'VE GOT A FEW DINARS IN THE GLOVEBOX...
WHERE COULD WE PARK, BOSS?

YOU FUCKIN' WITH ME, SLANT-EYES?!
I APOLOGIZE, SIR, DON'T SHOOT! I AM BUT A POOR CROAT FROM OPATIJA! I HAVEN'T KILLED A FLY FOR DAYS!
I'M GETTING ANGRY BECAUSE OF THIS!
AAAAAAA
SHOOT THEM NOW, SHOOT THEM NOW!

AAAAAAAAA!!! CRAP, WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I HAVEN'T DREAMED LIKE THIS SINCE I BROKE UP WITH MY EX LAST SUMMER IN THE PARK!
IT'S PROBABLY HARD TO SLEEP BECAUSE THE MOON IS ALWAYS FULL!
PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY
TAP-TAP-TAP-TAAAP-TAAAP-TAAAP

WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT IS THAT TAPPING? IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR! WE LEARNED THAT IN NATURE AND SOCIETY CLASS. THREE SHORT TAP, TAP, TAP, THREE LONG TAAAP? THAT'S IT!
TAP-TAP-TAP
IT'S MORSE CODE FOR SOS. SOMEONE IN THE BASE IS IN TROUBLE!
I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING URGENT!
HELLO! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME!? LET ME OUT, IT'S URGENT! HELLO!
TUP TUP
TAP-TAP-TAP
ANYONE, COME QUICKLY! THE SITUATION IS URGENT!
TAAAP-TAAAP-TA
HELLO?!
YAWN! OH, BOSS -- STILL IN COSTUME?
YEAH, I LIKE THE AUTHORITY I RADIATE. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE FOUND OUT COMRADE TITO'S STILL ALIVE! HE WAS TAPPING FROM INSIDE THE CANISTER!
ALMOST DONE WITH THE CONTRAPTION!
FFSSSSSSSSSS

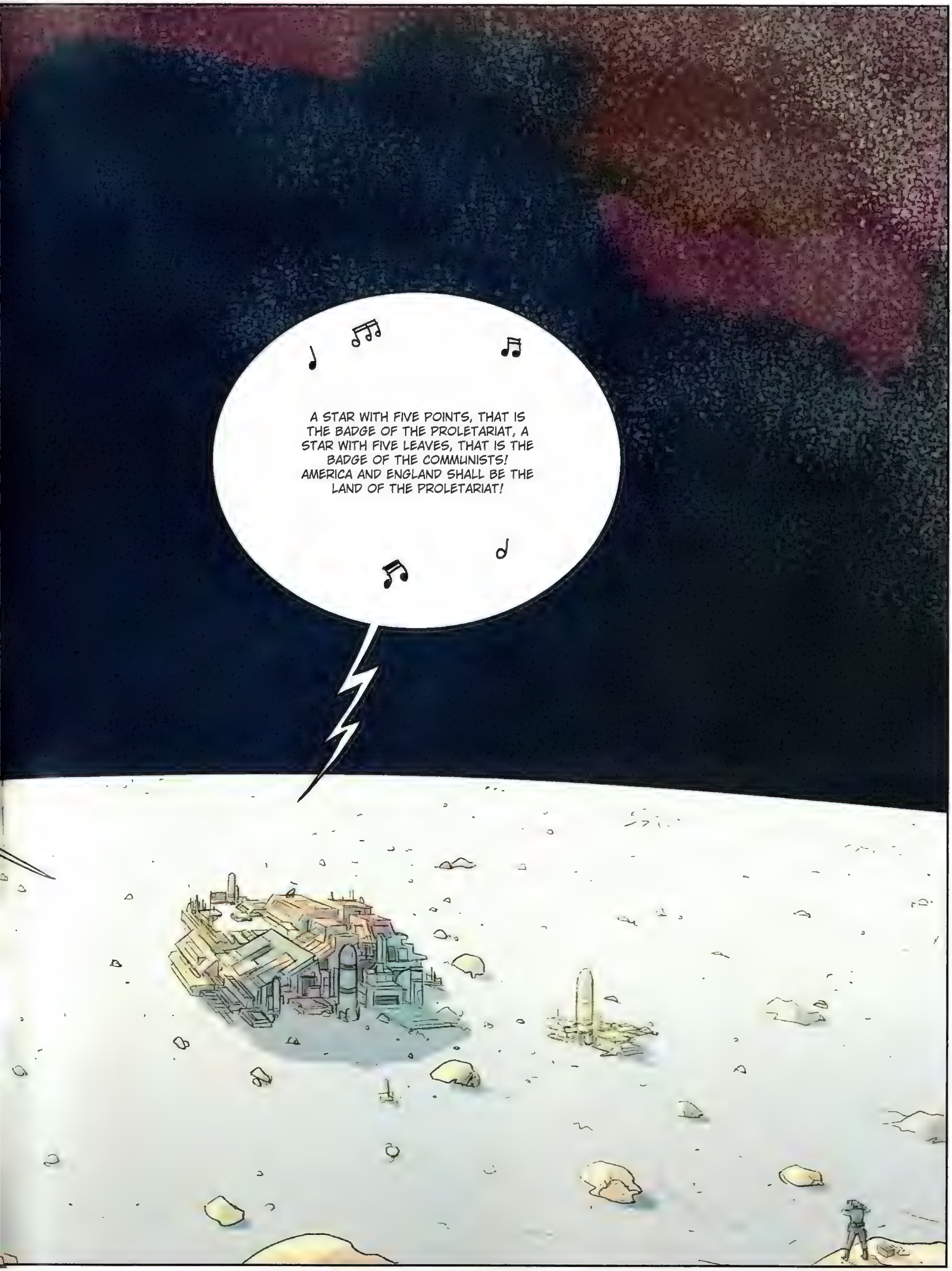
GET OUT!
OK, I HAVE THIS TOO...
WE'LL CONNECT THIS ANTIQUE LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM TOO: A SPEAKER FROM A GRAMOPHONE AND MORE...
...THIS WALKIE-TALKIE. THAT'S HOW WE'LL TRY TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE POOR BASTARD. BOSS, TAKE THE RECEIVER!
HMM... STRANGE, SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE'S NO SIGNAL AT ALL! IT SHOULD...
IDIOT!
DID YOU PLUG EVERYTHING INTO THE POWER, DAMMIT, YOU HORSE'S ASS?!
HMM, HERE, I'M DOING IT NOW, BOSS.
BZZZZZZZZZZZZT.


ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZZ... I... I DON'T LIKE CONQUERORS ON EARTH... BUT IN... IN OUTER SPACE... CONQUERING NEW CELESTIAL BODIES -- THAT'S ANOTHER MATTERR...
HA, WELL, IT WORKS! A LITTLE RUSTY, BUT IT WORKS PERFECTLY! PHIL, YOU HAVE A RAISE STARTING TODAY!
CAN I GET A RAISE TOO, BOSS?
AND ME?
I'M THE ONE WHO WRUNG HIM INTO THE CANISTER!
OK, LET ME GET READY...
QUIET, YOU LITTLE PRICKS. I NEED TO GATHER MY THOUGHTS...
AHEM, COUGH, COUGH!
O, TITUS, TITUS! WHEREFORE... ART THOU... TITUS?
YEAH, WHEREFOR... ART-OO-TITO... R2-TITO... YEAH...
I'VE EXPERIENCED A BODY REVOLUTION NOW, YOU KNOW, I AM A TRANS-HUMAN BEING...

YOU KNOW, NOW AS A PROMOTED SOCIALIST MAN, I BELIEVE EVEN MORE IN OUR EFFORTS!
WE HAVE GONE THROUGH A SEA OF BLOOD FOR THE BROTHERHOOD AND UNITY OF OUR PEOPLES, AND WE WILL NOT ALLOW ANYONE TO TOUCH OUR PETS, WHILE OUR EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL ENEMIES, YOU KNOW, EAT DOGS, GEESE AND LLAMA WOOL!
R2-TITO, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO US, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?
NO ONE SHOULD UNDERMINE OUR BROTHERHOOD AND UNITY FROM WITHIN! IF NECESSARY, TAKE DISINFECTANT THAT DESTROYS THAT DESIRE FOR DESTRUCTION IN ONE MINUTE!
AND IS THERE A WAY TO SOMEHOW PROTECT THAT BROTHERHOOD WITH AN INJECTION FROM WITHIN OR ALMOST LIKE CLEANING? THIS IS ESSENTIAL FOR 90% OF OUR HONEST YOUTH.
YOU ARE AN EXCELLENT ORATOR! YOU JUMP FROM TOPIC TO TOPIC, JUST LIKE I CHANGE CHANNELS ON MY TV AT HOME!

THAT R2-TITO TELLS A VERY INTERESTING STORY!
BOTH THOSE IN THE EAST AND THOSE IN THE WEST SHOULD BE CLEAR THAT WE ARE NOT DEVIATING FROM OUR PATH! NOT EVEN BEFORE WINDMILLS THAT KILL WHALES!
BUT IF WE HAVE TO CHOOSE HOW WE DIE, IT IS BETTER TO BE ELECTROCUTED THAN EATEN BY SHARKS!
TODAY WE HAVE WHAT MANY DO NOT HAVE. MANY HAVE WHAT WE DO NOT HAVE. BUT THAT IS NOT IMPORTANT! IF YOU HAD SHOWERED WITH BORIS KIDRIČ AFTER TENNIS, NOTHING ELSE WOULD BE IMPORTANT TO YOU EITHER!
WE MUST... WE MUST... MAKE SOCIALISM GREAT AGAIN!
AMERICANS, YOUR WEALTH IS NOT JUST FACTORIES AND ROADS. YOUR WEALTH IS MAN AND HIS DEVELOPMENT INTO A SOCIALIST, BETTER VERSION OF HIMSELF!

FELLOW AMERICANS, I PROPOSE A TRIPLET OF HOORAYS FOR OUR TRANSHUMAN SOCIALIST R2-TITA!!
HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY!


A STAR WITH FIVE POINTS, THAT IS THE BADGE OF THE PROLETARIAT, A STAR WITH FIVE LEAVES, THAT IS THE BADGE OF THE COMMUNISTS! AMERICA AND ENGLAND SHALL BE THE LAND OF THE PROLETARIAT!

DREX, ARE YOU HOME? YOU HAVEN'T CALLED ME IN WEEKS! OPEN UP!
IS EVERYTHING OK? I CAN HEAR YOU'RE INSIDE -- WHY WON'T YOU OPEN THE DOOR, DREX?
COMMODORE

DREXIE, IT'S MAMA! FRIDA SAYS YOU DON'T CALL HER ANYMORE. AND YOU HAVEN'T COME TO SEE US IN AGES EITHER, SWEETHEART...
WHY DID YOU CHANGE THE LOCK, SWEETHEART? HERE, I'M TRYING THE KEY AND IT WON'T WORK. I'LL CALL THE FIRE BRIGADE -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.

I OVERCOME THE CHAINS OF THESE WALLS WITH EASE, I BEGIN TO LEAVE MY BODY, I FEEL IT.
I WAS A DETECTIVE... HOW ENDLESSLY DISTANT THE FEARS AND RAGE OVER THE DEVASTATION OF OPATIJA NOW SEEM, GOOD GOD."
I FALL INTO DEEP REGRESSION. YES, I WAS A CARGO SHIP CAPTAIN AND I CUT THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF SPACE, MY NAME WAS HENRIK, AND I LOVED AGATHO.
I WILL SUCCEED IN KNITTING THAT SWEATER, IT WILL REMAIN AS A TESTAMENT TO THOSE LEFT IN THE MATERIAL WORLD.
MINE AND THEIRS

THAT'S IT, PEOPLE, THE STORY IS OVER!
COMMODORE

OOF, FUCK, DIDN'T EXPECT AN ENDING LIKE THIS, EH, BOSS?
YEAH, I THOUGHT HE'D HAVE MORE COMICS. IT'S ALL JUST BINDERS AND PLANNERS!

COMMODORE
ENDE

PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY

KRAJ PRVE KNJIGE

THE HISTORY OF DREX DREXLER

DREX DREXLER HAS GONE THROUGH TWO INCARNATIONS IN THE LAST 20 YEARS. THE FIRST TIME HE APPEARED IN THE COMIC BOOK THE SECRET SOCIETY OF BORA BASERA!, WHICH I DREW OUT OF REVENGE AGAINST BORA OF THE SAME NAME, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN DUBRAVA, WHERE I WAS DOING MY MANDATORY CIVILIAN SERVICE. I MOSTLY WORKED THERE AS A JANITOR, AND ONE MORNING BORA REALLY GOT ON MY NERVES. IN 2007, I MADE A SEQUEL, THE DEATH OF DREX DREXLER, IN WHICH THE TITLE CHARACTER DOESN'T APPEAR AT ALL! THAT YEAR I WAS MAINTAINING THE WEBSITE FOR THE COMIC GROUP EMISIJA EMOCIJA (MEMBERS: IRENA JUKIĆ PRANJIĆ, DUNJA JANKOVIĆ, DAMIR STEINFL AND MYSELF) AND URGENTLY NEEDED A NEW COMIC FOR UPLOAD.

I PULLED DREX OUT OF MOTHBALLS AND DREW THE FIRST FEW PAGES. HOWEVER, FOR THE NEXT UPLOAD, I HAD TOO LITTLE TIME TO INCLUDE DREX IN THE STORY, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A TRAGIC END AT THE VERY END. IN THIS ALBUM, I AM FINALLY KILLING OFF THAT FIRST DREX INCARNATION, ADDING TWO NEW PAGES 14 YEARS LATER. HOWEVER, DREX IMMEDIATELY RISES LIKE A WORN-OUT PHOENIX IN THE BODY OF THE PROTAGONIST OF PSYCHOTIC MOON SONATA. PHYSICALLY, THERE IS NO RESEMBLANCE TO THE OLD VERSION, NOR IS HE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE ANYMORE.

HIS NEW CHARACTERISTIC IS A PLASTER ON HIS NOSE, AN IDEA I SAW LONG AGO IN SOME AMERICAN COMIC STRIP AND DECIDED TO USE. I FIRST USED IT IN THE DESIGN FOR THE FILM ADAPTATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF GLORIA SCOTT (BASED ON SHORT STORIES BY MIMA SIMIČ), AND NOW I'VE TRANSFERRED IT TO DREXLER AS WELL. ORIGINALLY, THE PROTAGONIST OF SONATA WAS NAMED MARIO, AFTER THE ITALIAN DIRECTOR MARIO BAVA. HOWEVER, IT TURNED OUT I DIDN'T LIKE DRAWING HIM, SO I WAS FORCED TO MAKE A CORRECTION, INSPIRED BY THE CIA MODEL OF IDENTITY CHANGE THROUGH PLASTIC SURGERY. DREX DREXLER IS NOW IN WITNESS PROTECTION.

DREX, I'VE BEEN THINKING AND...
...AND FOR MY BIRTHDAY, I WANT YOU TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC!
BORA!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO CALL YOUR FRIENDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
HELLO?
THE CANARY HAS BEEN RELEASED, MY DEAR WATSON! THERE'S NO GOING BACK.
WAIT! NO... TURNING... BACK. EXCLAMATION POINT?
TIP
TIP
ADD THIS TOO: 'HE PURSED HIS LIPS MANFULLY, FULLY ERECT.' MAKE TWO COPIES!
DREX DREX LER

NOTHING, THEN TOMORROW WE'LL IMPEACH THE PRESIDENT!
KLIK
FUM FUM
The Secret Society Of
BORE BASERE!
IN THE MORNING
PEPI, TAKE ME TO THE GLASSWORKS FOR SOME BOHEMIAN CRYSTAL!
SMOOCH!
RIGHT AWAY, MR. PRESIDENT!
DARLING, I'LL BUY YOU A CRYSTAL SET FOR YOUR MORNING COFFEE.
AND THEN I'M TAKING YOU TO THE ESPLANADE FOR A SWANKY VIP BALL.
VRUM

HOTEL
VOTSONE, GET OUT OF THE WAY
ROAR
SAK
I CAN'T GET HIM IN MY SIGHTS...
THERE HE IS!
HISS!
OH WOW, BRO, WHAT IS THIS!? SOME KIND OF DRAFT IS BLOWING!
MR. PRESIDENT, ASSASSINS SHOT YOU!
CHAOS ON THE STREET!
DRIVE!
RUN
BEEP

VOTSONE, DID I OFFEND HIM?
FRUL
I THINK YOU DID, DREX! NOW YOU'VE EARNED THE TRUST OF THE BORE...
...BASERA!
I HOPE I'LL GET INTO THE MASONS NOW!
TODAY, UNFORTUNATELY. OUR PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC WAS KILLED...
DREX, I SEE YOU SUCCEEDED. TONIGHT WE ACCEPT - YOU INTO THE MASONS. COME ALONE AT 11 PM.
CAN MY BIOGRAPHER DR. WATSON, MY AUTOBIOGRAPHER, ALSO COME?
BORA, WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT PHONE CALLS!
11:00 PM
EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT, DREX.
I'M STILL NERVOUS!

IT DIDN'T START WELL.
WHAT HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO, WATSON?
INTO AN ADVENTURE!
YOU DIDN'T COME ALONE!
I'M THE BIOGRAPHER!
OKAY. AND NOW - SEX!
BORIS!
WATSON, NOW IS THE TIME TO SPICE UP MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY A BIT!
OK BOSS!
HE WAS QUIVERING WITH ERECTION, EMBRACING LUSH VIRGINS. NECTAR FLOWED...
IT'LL BE A BEST-SELLER!
5 YEARS LATER...
"...FLOWED OVER HUNDREDS OF NOODLY TITS AND ASSES!" THAT IS AB-SO-LUTE-LY IR-RE-SIST-I-BLE!
THE END

EVENING NEWSPAPER, IF YOU PLEASE.
TAXI
NOVINE
OH, RESPECTED MR. MILUTINOVIC. MY WIFE AND I ARE BIG FANS!
VEČERNJE
DREX DREXLR
OBJAVIO
AUTOBIOGRAFIJU!
DR. MILUTINOVIĆ SIMIĆ
U EPIZODI:
SMRT DREXA DREXLERA!
By mat piss
OH, I'M FLATTERED.
VERY KIND OF YOU.
THIS CITY CAN BE SO BEAUTIFUL!
THE WHOLE WORLD CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!

... SOMETHING WAS IN THE AIR THAT NIGHT...
... SAN FERNANDO...
PERFECT!
RING!
YES, PLEASE?
GOOD EVENING, JOVANOVIĆ! YES, I'M READY. THE INSTRUMENTS ARE TUNED.

FINO UŠTIMANI ...
JOVANOVIĆ SHOULD BUY A NEW CAR.
I'LL SMELL LIKE OIL ALL NIGHT.
ZG 73-04-1
NEW AFTERSHAVE?
YES! "COUNTRY KEVIN 7".
THE GANG GATHERED QUICKLY.
STILINOVIĆ.
ŽERA.
WE LEFT THE CITY.

I ADMIT IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY GLAMOROUS.
IT'LL BE OKAY.
EXACTLY! YOU GET THE INSTRUMENTS OUT, AND I'LL GO SEE THE BOSS.
TOK
TOK
TOK
BZZZZ
OH, MR. JOVANOVIĆ! JUST IN TIME. THE PARTY IS ABOUT TO START.
GOOD EVENING! WE GOT A LITTLE LOST ON THE WAY TO YOUR PLACE. YOU SAID... THE PARTY IS STARTING? AND WHERE ARE THE ..
... GUESTS?

HE, HE... LISTEN, I KNOW I SAID THIS WOULD BE GREAT FUN. I LIED A LITTLE! I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T COME ANYWAY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SOMETHING IS WRONG. JOVANOVIĆ IS COMING BACK.
?
GUYS, LISTEN..
THERE WON'T BE ANY AUDIENCE HERE. THE GUY WANTS A PERFORMANCE JUST FOR HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE!
WHAT! WE'RE PACKING UP
SHIT!
NO WAY AM I PERFORMING FOR TWO PEOPLE! ME, WHO USED TO FILL STADIUM AFTER STADIUM!
NOBODY IN THIS COUNTRY HAD AS MANY GOLD ALBUMS AS MILUTINOVIĆ SIMIĆ! WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME TO, JOVANOVIĆU!? I'M FIRING YOU IMMEDIATELY!
SNIFF
I AGREE FOR DOUBLE THE FEE...
I HAVE TO PAY THE BILLS SOMEHOW!

O RESPECT MR. MILUTIN-VIC! MY WIFE AND I ARE HUGE FANS.
SKRIP
SKRIP
SKRIP
SKRIP
DON'T LEAN TOO HARD ON THE RAILING. IT'S ABOUT TO BREAK!
MAMA
HERE WE ARE. COME IN FREELY.
SKREEK..
I MADE A STAGE HERE.
WE TOOK OUT THE INSTRUMENTS AND GOT INTO FORMATION FOR THE PERFORMANCE!
YAMAXA
ROLANT
WE ARE READY FOR MAGIC!

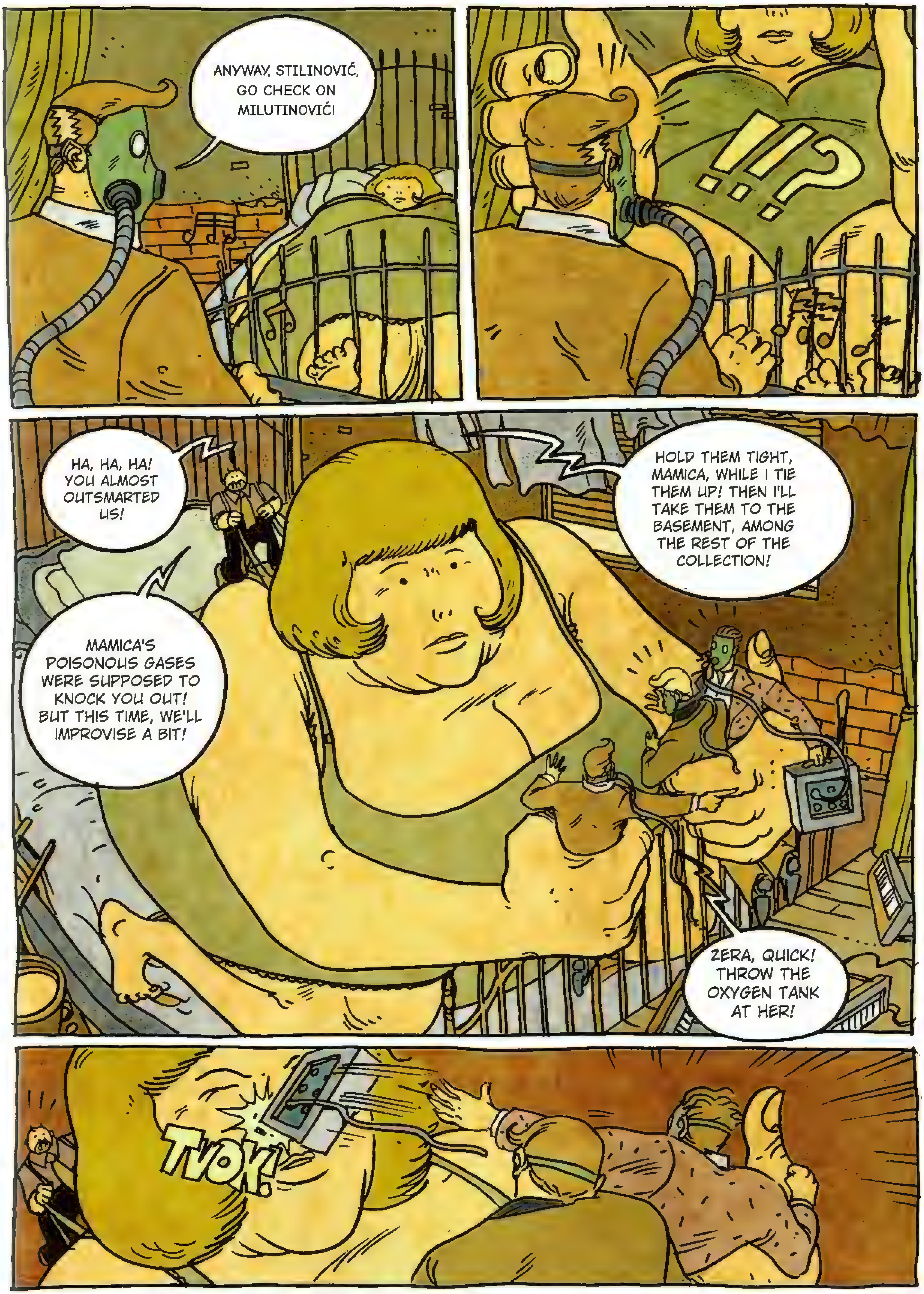
SKRROKKK..
OKAY, I'LL JUST PULL APART THE CURTAINS.
SKRROKKK..
GOOD GRIEF

GUYS, LET'S NOT FORGET WHY WE'RE HERE! LET'S ACT LIKE PROFESSIONALS.
WE STARTED PLAYING. THE BRIDE'S GAZE GAVE AWAY NO EMOTION.
AFTER THE THIRD SONG, THE GUYS MANAGED TO RELAX. BUT I...
... I DIDN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF HER EYES. LIKE TWO DOTS. NOT A COLON.
MAYBE LIKE DOTS ON AN I. INTERCONTI- NENTAL. AN INTERCONTI- NENTAL WOMAN.

HOORAY! YOU GUYS PLAY REALLY WELL! DO YOU KNOW THAT SONG "TO THE GRAVE, GRAVE BY GRAVE"?
CIF
CIF
CIF
DAMN IT, ŽERA! YOU'RE PLAYING THE WRONG CHORDS!
?
E-EE-EE!
GOD, WHAT A TERRIBLE STENCH!? COUGH, COUGH! I CAN'T BREATHE...
BLJUV
SKREEEK

BLJUV
!!?
KA-KR-KRAKK
IT FELT LIKE I WAS FALLING LONGER THAN MY LAST RECORD AT JUGOTON!
KA-KRAK
BUT THE FALL ITSELF WAS LESS HUMILIATING NOW.

!!
HROPT
DID YOU BREAK SOMETHING?
YOU'RE ALIVE!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN THE BASEMENT?
I'VE BEEN TRAPPED HERE FOR SEVEN YEARS!
SEVEN YEARS!? HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO KEEP SUCH PERFECT HAIR AND COMPLEXION?
IT'S GENETIC, I SUPPOSE. COME, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OTHERS.
WITH THE OTHERS? ARE THERE MORE OF YOU HERE?
ZERA, THANK GOODNESS YOU BOUGHT GAS MASKS AFTER THAT GIG IN SISAK!


ANYWAY, STILINOVIĆ, GO CHECK ON MILUTINOVIĆ!
!!?
HA, HA, HA! YOU ALMOST OUTSMARTED US!
HOLD THEM TIGHT, MAMICA, WHILE I TIE THEM UP! THEN I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE BASEMENT, AMONG THE REST OF THE COLLECTION!
MAMICA'S POISONOUS GASES WERE SUPPOSED TO KNOCK YOU OUT! BUT THIS TIME, WE'LL IMPROVISE A BIT!
ZERA, QUICK! THROW THE OXYGEN TANK AT HER!
TVOK!

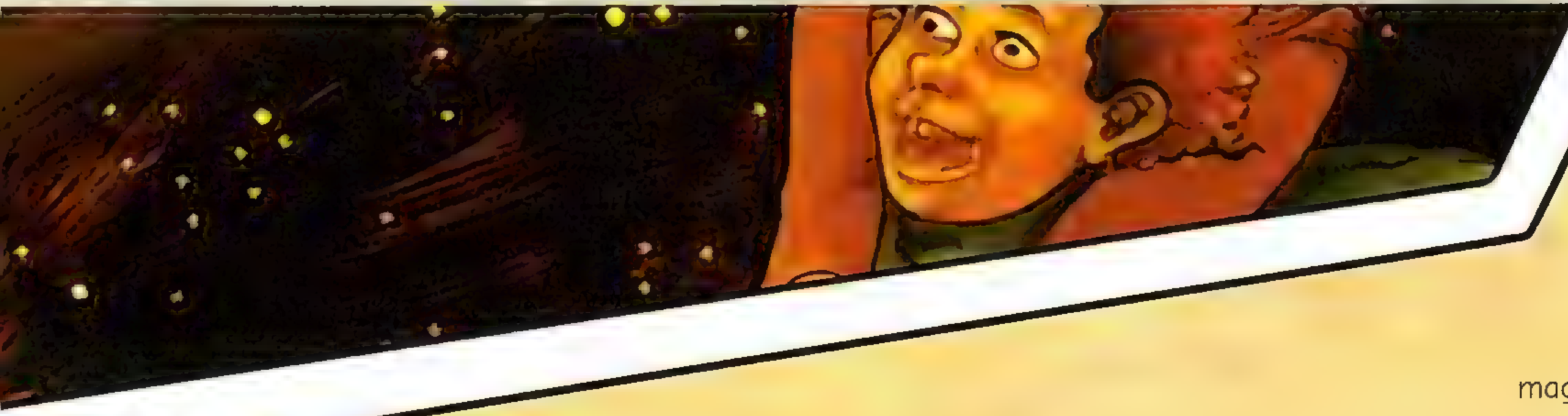
SHAME ON YOU! YOU'RE HITTING A WOMAN!
LET'S FLEE, COMRADES! THE WHOLE FLOOR WILL COLLAPSE WHEN THE FAT ONE FALLS ON THE BED!
KA-BRAK
WATCH OUT FOR THE FENCE IN FRONT OF THE DOOR! IT LOOKS LIKE MILUTINOVIĆ HAS FALLEN!!
SKREK..
KRAKK..

KRA-BUM
GOOD HEAVENS! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE HOUSE COLLAPSED!
HERE YOU ARE, FAT WOMAN!
IT SEEMS TO BE THE END FOR OUR KIDNAPPERS!
BUT NOT OURS! THE POLICE WILL SEARCH FOR DR. MILUTINOVIĆ SIMIĆ!
YES, JUST AS THEY INVESTIGATED OUR DISAPPEARANCE! "THE WORLD IS BLIND"!
HELP US! I AM... WE ARE THE BIGGEST SHOWBIZ STARS!! SAVE US! LISTEN TO US!!
FINALLY, EVEN LIFE IN A DARK BASEMENT CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU SPEND IT IN GOOD COMPANY!
ŠERFA.
FABI.
ĐANI.
TONIGHT IS OUR PARTY...
IVČIĆ.

UGH, FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND I GET STUCK WITH A SHITTY CASE LIKE THIS!
EPILOG
NICE FIRE, GUYS! PYROMANIAC DURO STRIKES AGAIN, HUH STIPE?
NOPE, DREX! ĐURO'S IN THE SLAMMER!
HMM... A SHAME. THIS IMPLIES THINGS! I'LL HAVE TO GET MY HANDS A LITTLE DIRTY.
LET'S SEE.
NOTHING HERE.
LOOK, A BREAK IN THE INVESTIGATION. EVIDENCE!
HM.

FOLKS, THERE ARE PEOPLE ALIVE... "GIANTS!?"
SHIT!
I'D BETTER TAKE THIS EVIDENCE TO THE CAR!
THIS IS SOME CASE FOR MALDER AND SKALI...
...AND I'M STARING AT BORA ANYWAY!
AW, FUCK...
THUD!
KRAJ

THE HAPPINESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL –



I first met **Pero Kvesić** through **Krešimir Zimonić**. For the newly launched children's comics magazine **Bum!**, Pero was asking Krešo for one of his older comics, so I too, a little shyly, offered something of my own. I still remember setting off for the **Vjesnik** building with a few freshly drawn strips. Full of nerve, I decided to climb on foot all the way up to the seventh floor, where the editorial office was. By the time Pero opened the door I could barely speak, so he sat me down in an armchair to let me catch my breath. While I did, he cast an eye over my comics and offered me work as an illustrator. After that we collaborated on several occasions: I illustrated his book **Društvo za bijeg u daleki svijet**, the short story **Šlumrl**, and I also filmed him a few times for the documentary series **Strip u Hrvatskoj**, directed by **Irene Jukić Pranjić**. **ONO i DSZ: Strip s Perom K.** came about as a commission from **Darko Macan** for the **Fibra** annual. For that issue Darko wanted a comic about Pero Kvesić, and since he had noticed that in **Modra lasta** I had drawn a strip in which one of the characters is an obvious homage to Kvesić, he connected the dots. At that time I was already drawing a horror comic for the new issue of the **Ohoho** zine, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone and join the two narratives into a single whole. For the **Ohoho** version I left out the part with Pero K. I later proposed the very same comic as an exhibition project for a competition at a Zagreb gallery, and what follows is the text written for that purpose. Even so, I recommend that you read this only after you have looked at the comic, because the text contains **heavy spoilers**: The project consists of 18 illustrations drawn in pencil on paper, then digitally processed using scanned analog textures and watercolored paper. The illustrations are designed to look like the covers of a nonexistent comic maga-

THE SUCCESS OF THE COLLECTIVE

zine from 1969. The juxtaposed illustrations create a clear narrative sequence, but they read as a comic only conditionally. By several of the postulates of comics storytelling they are not one — their design, framing and dramaturgy do not fully follow the language of this art form. They undermine it with additional graphic elements such as the magazine's name, its issue number, a barcode and a list of authors who fictively fill out the content behind the "cover". Wide shots and medium-long shots slow comics time and create an emotional distance from the reader. If the reader is well informed about the domestic comics scene, these elements can produce a state akin to the Brechtian alienation effect. Close-ups, on the other hand, and shifts of colour and mood disrupt the natural flow of the action sequence. The logic behind the choice of motifs for individual covers is sacrificed to the author's need to build a clear narrative sequence. This raises the question of whether the covers could "carry an issue" on a newsstand two weeks in a row — some are so alike that they might confuse the reader. Postmodern citationality runs through the whole project, and culminates in a dramaturgical twist where the famous **"Ono!"** of American pulp horror becomes **"Yoko"**, who perhaps for the first time in wider public discourse takes on the role of saviour and heroine. The cover series is introduced by two classic comics pages in which Pero K. reveals that, before taking over the editorship of Polet, he briefly edited something far dearer to him — the comics magazine **ONO!**. On the final page Pero K. admits that, sadly, the original copies of the 1969 magazine are lost, and shows us forgeries reconstructed from the memories of his contemporaries. That is why the covers carry barcodes, QR codes and the surnames of comics authors, women and men, born after 1969.

X HOUSE ON KRALJEVAC, FACTUM, 2023.

TEXAS EDITION OF "ESQUIRE", 1963, 10 CONSECUTIVE ISSUES, STARTING WITH THE DECEMBER ISSUE. THE LOCAL EDITION WAS SOON DISCONTINUED.

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
MAY
№ 1
FARAC ANŽLOVAR RADOJA
ŽUPA ALJINOVIĆ ZUBOVIĆ BEKER

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
MAY
№ 2
DEVLIĆ
HUNJAK
HORVATIĆ
MATIJEVIĆ
KRALJ JAGER

JUN
№ 3
KVAS
HAMER
LONČAREVIĆ
KELAVA
KUMANOVIĆ
ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
JUN
№ 4

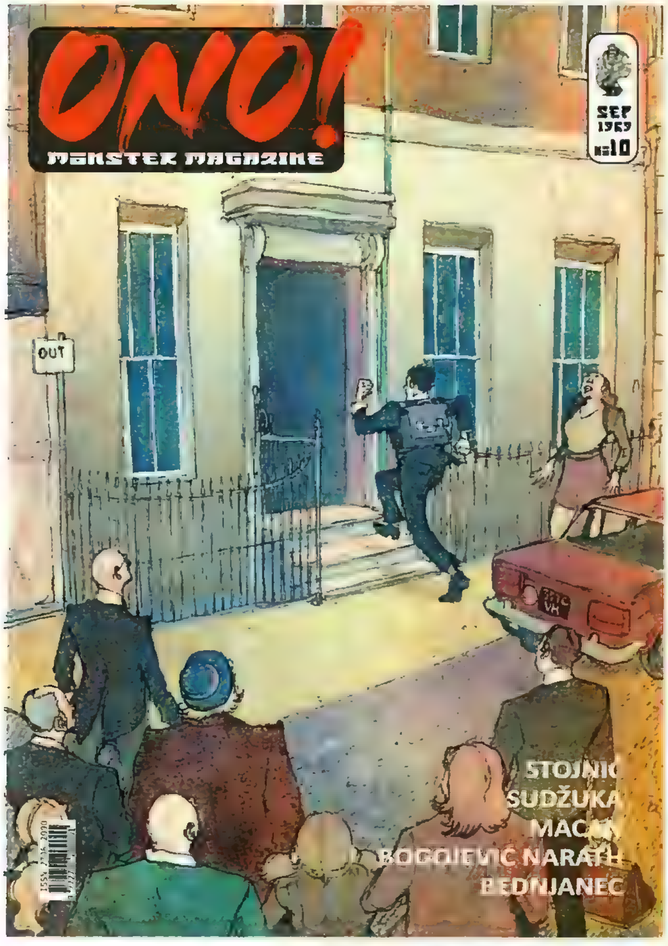
ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
JUL 1969
Nº 5
ŠUNK
DJEŠKA
ŠKRINJAR
LORDANIĆ
SKOZRET

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
JUL 1969
Nº 6
VILAGOŠ STEINFL DRAGIĆ JELASKA ILIĆ

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
AUG 1969
Nº 7

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
AUG 1969
Nº 8
BARTOLIĆ ŠEJIĆ DELAČ TRENC

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
SEP
1969
№ 9
ŽEŽELJ
interview:
SAŠA PAPRIĆ
ISSN 2706-2090
9 772706 209001


ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
SEP
1969
№ 10
OUT
SUDŽUKA
BOGOJEVIĆ NARATH
BEDNJANEC

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
OCT
1969
№ 11
DULČIĆ
TALAJIĆ
BIUK
KORDEJ

ISSN 2706-2090

Copyright by [illegible], All rights reserved.

ONO!
OCT 1969
№12
MITAR FILIPOVIĆ SVAGUŠA FAVER
GAŠPEROV MARUŠIĆ ERCEGOVIĆ

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
1969
№13

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
1969
№14
KRIVAC
MAJNARIĆ
IVEZIĆ
DOVNIKOVIĆ
RADILOVIĆ

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
1970
№17

ONO!
MONSTER MAGAZINE
DEC
№15
GAČIĆ
ANŽLOVAR
JANKOVIĆ
JUKIĆ PRANJIĆ
KLAKOČAR

DEC
№16
ONO!
BAĐUN ARMANINI ŠARIĆ HOFBAUER

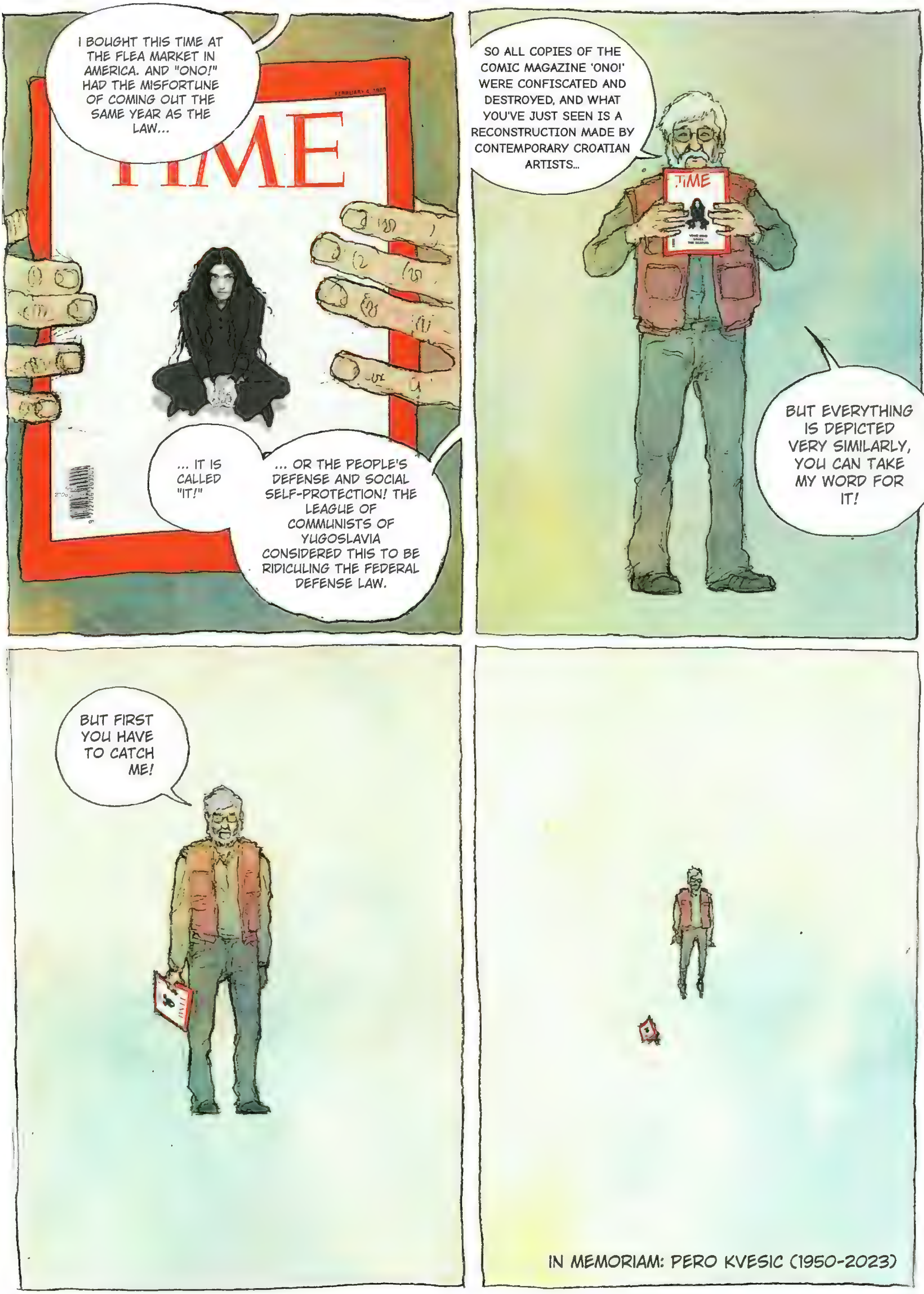
ISSN 2706-2090
9 772706 209001

FEBRUARY 4, 1969

TIME

YOKO ONO SAVES THE BEATLES

ISSN 2706-2090
9 772706 209001


I BOUGHT THIS TIME AT THE FLEA MARKET IN AMERICA. AND "ONO!" HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF COMING OUT THE SAME YEAR AS THE LAW...
TIME
... IT IS CALLED "IT!"
... OR THE PEOPLE'S DEFENSE AND SOCIAL SELF-PROTECTION! THE LEAGUE OF COMMUNISTS OF YUGOSLAVIA CONSIDERED THIS TO BE RIDICULING THE FEDERAL DEFENSE LAW.
SO ALL COPIES OF THE COMIC MAGAZINE 'ONO!' WERE CONFISCATED AND DESTROYED, AND WHAT YOU'VE JUST SEEN IS A RECONSTRUCTION MADE BY CONTEMPORARY CROATIAN ARTISTS...
TIME
BUT EVERYTHING IS DEPICTED VERY SIMILARLY, YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME!
IN MEMORIAM: PERO KVESIC (1950-2023)

Editor's Afterword

MATIJA PISAČIĆ, A COMIC BOOK AUTHOR, ANIMATOR, AND FILM PRODUCER, BELONGS TO THE SO-CALLED "FANZINE GENERATION" AND APPEARED ON THE COMIC SCENE IN 1993 WITH THE FANZINE VARIETI RADIKALCI. WHETHER ALONE OR IN A SERIES OF COLLABORATIVE PROJECTS, PISAČIĆ MANAGES TO DELIGHT READERS AGAIN AND AGAIN. IN FACT, HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE DOMESTIC AUTHOR'S COMIC BOOK IS ONE OF THE CONSTANTS THAT MAKE UP THE SCENE. FROM VARIETE, THROUGH SVEBOR AND PLAMENAR, EMISIJA EMOCIJAO, THE DOCUMENTARY SERIES STRIP U HRVATSKOJ4, TO THE OHOHO ZINES, PISAČIĆ HAS ACCUSTOMED THE AUDIENCE TO A CONTINUITY OF QUALITY COMIC CONTENT. A SIMILAR SITUATION APPLIES TO ANIMATED FILMS; PISAČIĆ IS AN ANIMATOR, SCREENWRITER, DIRECTOR, AND PRODUCER WHO CONSISTENTLY PRODUCES SUCCESSFUL TITLES.

THE COMIC BOOK "PSYCHOTIC MOONLIGHT SONATA" PRESENTS A LONGER FORM THAN THE AUTHOR USUALLY PREFERS, WITH STYLISTIC POTENTIAL TO EVOKE MOEBIUS'S HANDWRITING. THE STORY ITSELF IS EXTREMELY LAYERED, REQUIRING GENERAL KNOWLEDGE OF POPULAR CULTURE, HISTORY, ART, AND PHILOSOPHY FOR A MORE DETAILED READING. HOWEVER, THIS POSTMODERNIST CITATION DOES NOT BURDEN THE NARRATIVE AND IS NOT A BURDEN FOR THE "UNENLIGHTENED" READER; THE COMIC IS SIMULTANEOUSLY DIRECTED AND DESIGNED VERY ACCESSIBLY, WITH A FAST PACE FULL OF DRAMATIC TWISTS, IN THE STYLE OF THE SCIENCE FICTION SUBGENRE SPACE OPERA. THE STORY BEGINS IN 1971 WITH SCENES OF THE MOON, SPECIFICALLY THE APOLLO 157 MISSION, BUT ON THE VERY NEXT PAGE THE APPEARANCE OF DEMONIC CHARACTERS AS A MYSTERIOUS THREAT BUILDS TENSION. THE COLOR PALETTE PLAYS A SPECIAL ROLE; WHILE THE BLUE TONES OF THE FIRST PANEL ARE CALMING IN COMBINATION WITH DARKNESS, THE SUDDEN DISRUPTION THAT THE MYSTERIOUS THREAT REPRESENTS IN THE SECOND PANEL IS HIGHLIGHTED BY THE USE OF RED AND A QUOTE FROM JOHANNES KEPLER THAT ENHANCES THE DREAD. ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS COMIC IS THE ABRUPT INTERRUPTION OF THE MAIN STORY AND JUMPS TO OTHER STORYLINES THAT WILL EVENTUALLY MERGE INTO A SINGLE WORK. THUS, ON THE VERY NEXT PAGE, WE MEET THE MAIN CHARACTER, DREX, AND HIS UNUSUAL DOUBTS ABOUT WHAT THE NEIGHBORS WILL SAY IF THEY SEE HIM FOLDING LAUNDRY IN HIS GRANDMOTHER'S APARTMENT.

FURTHER COMEDY IS PRODUCED BY THE REASON FOR GRANDMA'S DEPARTURE, WHICH IS A "ILLNESS" THAT CAUSED THE OLD LADY TO TALK ABOUT BUYING A TICKET TO THE MOON, YODELING, AND SPEAKING SLOVENIAN. THE COLOR PALETTE IS AGAIN A CALMING BLUISH, BUT THE VERY NEXT SCENES, LIKE THOSE APPEARING ON TELEVISION, WHICH BROADCASTS SLOVENIAN TV STATIONS WITH CALLS TO JOIN A CHOIR THAT YODELS, OR THE IMAGINED PROFESSOR BALTHAZAR, ARE RED AND ANNOUNCE THE ESCALATION OF THE PLOT. THE MOMENT OF LUDIC HUMOR IS PARTICULARLY EMPHASIZED IN THE SCENE OF THE MAIN CHARACTER'S SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, WHERE HE REMAINS DRESSED AS HIS OWN GRANDMOTHER AND YODELS DURING INTERCOURSE.

THINGS ESCALATE WITH THE APPEARANCE OF KIDNAPPERS WHO SPEAK SLOVENIAN, WHOSE COSTUME DESIGN IS INSPIRED BY THE FILM PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES. ALSO INTERESTING IN THIS SHORT SPACE ARE REFERENCE TO ABBEY, AS A TITLE OF ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE ABBEY, PSYCHO. THE MAIN CHARACTER ON CHAPTER, PSYCHO SPACE, WHERE THE HERO WAKES UP IN SPACE, OBVIOUSLY MISTAKING HIM FOR HIS GRANDMOTHER. THE HUMOROUS MOMENT OF WHAT THE AUTHOR MERELY ASSUMES ALSO SOME SLOVENIAN WITH REAL EXPRESSIONS, SO ON BOARD HE IS DECIPHERING THE CLASSIC CHASE SCENE HAS THE MAIN CHARACTER DRIVING A ZASTAVA 750 CAR, AND ULTIMATELY SAVES HIMSELF BY ESCAPING INTO A TUNNEL WHERE HE IS MET BY NONE OTHER THAN MARKO BRECELJ, WHO REVEALS THAT HE IS IN A SLOVENIAN NURSING HOME OF DEMONS. IN THE FOLLOWING SCENES, THE AUTHOR RECREATES MARKO BRECELJ'S FAMOUS PERFORMANCE - VATENTAT, ONLY SET IN THE INSANE ENVIRONMENT OF A DEMONIC NURSING HOME AND COMPLEMENTED BY THE LYRICS OF THE ROCK GROUP BULDOZER.

ONE OF THE UNEXPECTED EFFECTS OF THE AUTHOR'S INTERPRETATION OF THE SLOVENIAN LANGUAGE IS THE READER'S NEED TO LINGER LONGER ON A PARTICULAR SCENE, OR SPEECH BUBBLE WITH TEXT, IN ORDER TO DECIPHER WHAT THE CHARACTERS ARE SAYING. INTENTIONAL OR NOT, THIS EFFECT IS CERTAINLY PRESENT AND CAN BE COMPARED TO THE USE OF SLANG, LOCAL DIALECTS, OR INVENTED LANGUAGES IN THE COMICS OF GARTH ENNIS, OR MORE FAMOUSLY, THE SLANG "NADSAT" FROM ANTHONY BURGESS'S NOVEL "A CLOCKWORK

[illegible]

AS THE STORY PROGRESSES, IT GETS CRAZIER AND CRAZIER. THE MAIN CHARACTER DREX MEETS BLUES GNJUS, WHO IS ACTUALLY JOSIP BROZ TITO IN A SEMI-DECAYED STATE, REPLACED BY A CLONE JUST BEFORE DEATH, AND WITH HIM IS ORSON WELLES, QUITE MELTED. WE LEARN ALL ABOUT THE DIABOLICAL SYMBIOSIS OF SLOVENIAN SCIENTISTS AND DEMONS FROM THE "DARK SIDE OF THE MOON", THE TITO CLONE WHO DIES ON EARTH IN "MAY", WHILE THE ORIGINAL IS PRESERVED BY UNITING WITH A DEMON, WHICH, ADMITTEDLY, DIDN'T TAKE HOLD ENOUGH IN HIM AND ORSON, SO THEY ARE BOTH SLOWLY MELTING, WHILE IN THE SLOVENIANS, THE SYMBIOSIS WITH DEMONS PROLONGS LIFE THANKS TO THE HIGHLY DEVELOPED BROCA'S AREA[14], THE DEVELOPMENT OF WHICH WAS STIMULATED BY IODINE.

OF COURSE, WHAT IS LISTED HERE DOESN'T AMOUNT TO EVEN HALF OF THE PLOT, BUT IT REPRESENTS SOME OF THE PATTERNS WITH WHICH PISAČIĆ BUILDS THE PLOT OF THE WORK, WITH AN OBVIOUSLY INTENTIONALLY REDUCED COLOR PALETTE WITHIN THE COMIC PANELS, WHICH ADDITIONALLY ENHANCES THE PSYCHEDELIC ATMOSPHERE, CORRESPONDING TO THE TITLES OF THE SECTIONS. IN A POSTMODERNIST MANNER OF OVERLAPPING INSANE NARRATIVES OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES FROM THE COLD WAR AND POST-COLD WAR ERAS AND THEIR ARTIFACTS, COMPLEMENTED BY CONSTANT REFERENCES FROM POPULAR CULTURE, FILM, COMICS, AND MUSIC, WITH AN EXCEPTIONAL GIFT FOR CONFABULATION AND HUMOR, PISAČIĆ CRAFTS ONE SUPERBLY DRAWN AND WRITTEN COMIC PANEL AFTER ANOTHER, DRAWING THE READER INTO THE EXCEPTIONAL COMPLEXITY OF THE WORLD HE CREATED.

SAŠA PAPRIĆ

---

14 BROCA'S AREA IS AN AREA IN THE HUMAN BRAIN (INFERIOR FRONTAL GYRUS) THAT CONTROLS THE MOTOR CONTROL OF SPEECH.

PSYCHOTIC MOONLIGHT
SONATA MATIJA PISAČIĆ

PUBLISHER: CROATIAN AUTHORS' STRIP
FOR PUBLISHER: SAŠA PAPRIĆ

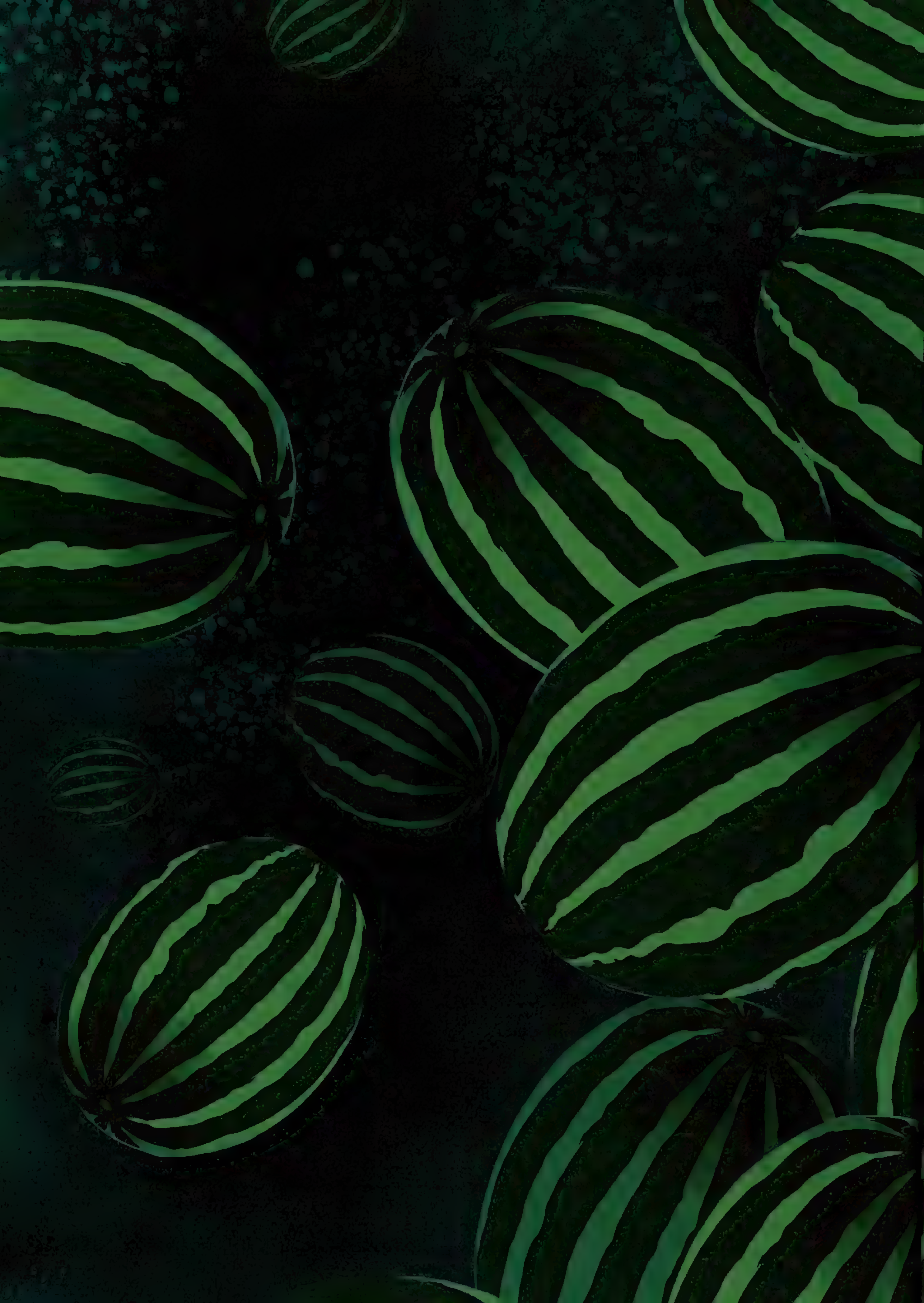
SCRIPT, DRAWINGS, ILLUSTRATIONS:
MATIJA PISAČIĆ EDITOR: SAŠA PAPRIĆ
GRAPHIC DESIGN: NINA KLARIĆ
PRODUCTION OF THE AUDIO DRAMA
"VESTA ZA NEVJESTU": NOA PISAČIĆ
PROOFREADING: BRANISLAV MILIČIĆ

PRINT RUN: 500 COPIES PRINTING AND
BINDING: STUDIO MODERNA LTD.

ISBN 978-953-50887-7-6 THE CIP RECORD IS AVAILABLE
IN THE COMPUTER CATALOG OF THE CITY AND UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY OSIJEK UNDER NUMBER 151102039.

NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE DUPLICATED,
PHOTOCOPIED, OR REPRODUCED IN ANY OTHER
WAY WITHOUT THE PUBLISHER'S PERMISSION.

THE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED WITH THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT
OF THE MINISTRY OF CULTURE AND MEDIA OF THE
REPUBLIC OF CROATIA. OSIJEK, NOVEMBER 2024.



UDRUGA HRVATSKI AUTORSKI STRIP
9 789535 088776
CIJENA 15 EUR
Republika Hrvatska Ministarstvo kulture i medija
Republic of Croatia Ministry of Culture and Media

CONTENTS

FOREWORD — 6

PROLOGUE — 9

PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY — 23

NOTE FROM THE CHIEF OF PROTOCOL — 66

EXPLANATION — 70

TWO APPARITIONS IN OPATIJA — 75

A SWEATER FOR THE BRIDE, a drama in three acts — 88

PSYCHO MOON SPACE ABBEY, part two — 89

STAGES OF KNITTING A SWEATER — 109

THE HISTORY OF DREX DREXLER — 118

DREX DREXLER IN THE EPISODE

'THE SECRET SOCIETY OF BORE BASERA' — 121

THE DEATH OF DREX DREXLER' — 126

HAPPINESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL - SUCCESS OF THE COLLECTIVE — 142

OND AND DSZ, A COMIC WITH PERO K. — 145

AFTERWORD OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF — 156

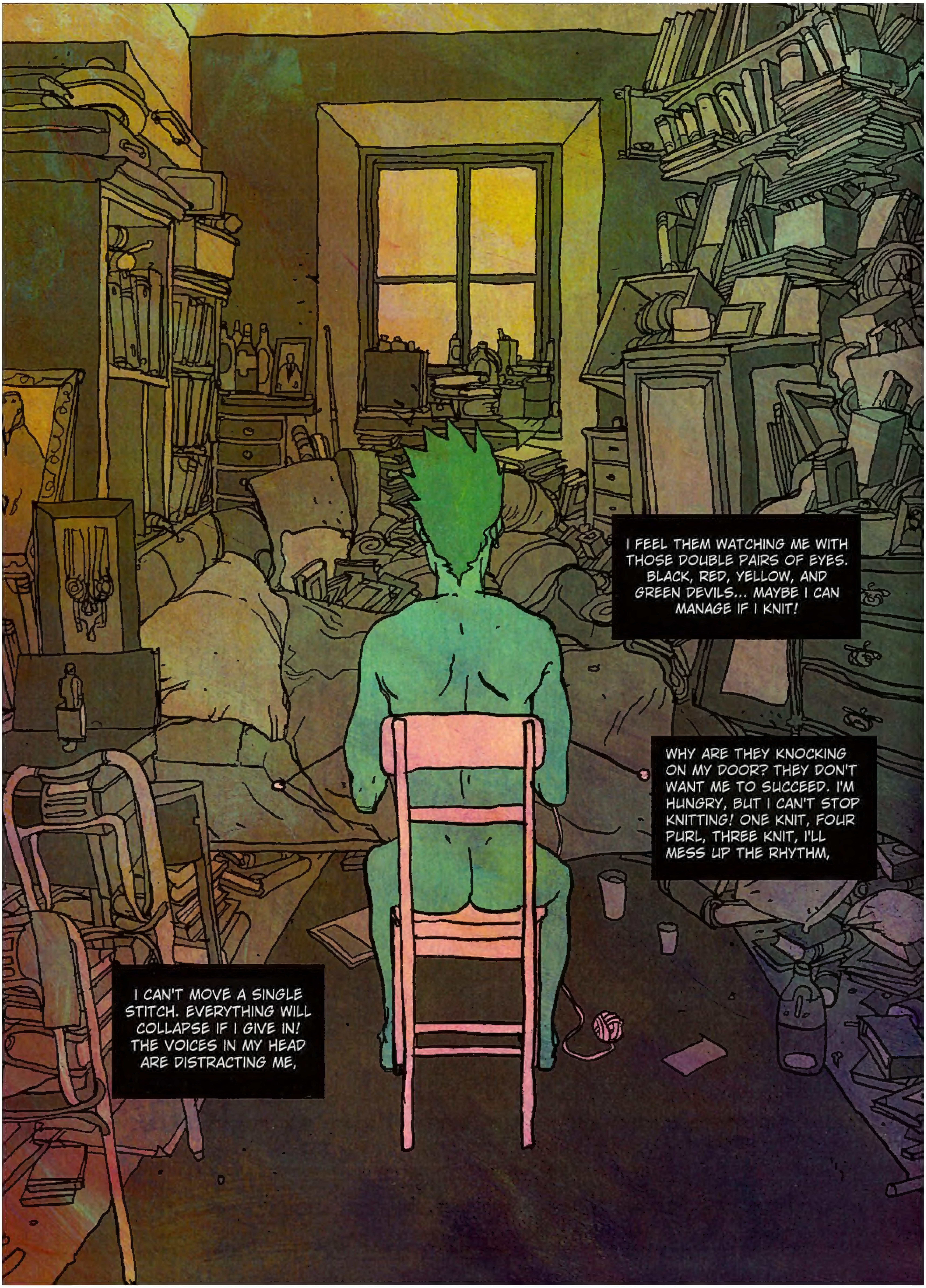
Foreword

LOREM IPSUM

WHEN LEA KRALJ JAGER, MARKO DJEŠKA, AND I WERE DEVISING THE GIVEN THEME FOR THE FOURTH ISSUE OF THE COMIC MAGAZINE OHOHO, WE WERE IN THE MIDST OF THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC. WANTING TO ESCAPE THE BLEAK EVERYDAY LIFE, I SUGGESTED THAT THE COMICS SHOULD DEAL WITH A SUBGENRE OF SCIENCE FICTION, MORE PRECISELY - SPACE OPERA. AT THAT MOMENT, I HAD IN MIND A SCENE FROM WOODY ALLEN'S FILM THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO, IN WHICH MIA FARROW, DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 20TH CENTURY, CONSTANTLY VISITS THE CINEMA TO WATCH CHEAP FILMS. SO, ESCAPISM AS A GUIDING PRINCIPLE.

FOR THE INITIAL 28 COMIC PAGES, IT TOOK ME A LITTLE OVER A MONTH OF WRITING AND DRAWING. DURING THAT PERIOD, I MISSED APPLYING FOR AN IMPORTANT PROJECT FOR A STATE COMPETITION - I DON'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE ANYMORE - BUT THE POINT IS THAT I LOST MONEY WORKING ON A FREE COMIC. MORE PRECISELY, I WAS LOSING MONEY WORKING ON COMICS. BUT THERE WAS NO HELP FOR IT - I SIMPLY HAD TO MATERIALIZE THE VISION THAT WAS HAUNTING ME AT THE TIME: FIATS RACING ACROSS THE MOON. ALSO, I PROMISED A FRIEND (OR THREATENED HIM) THAT IF HE DIDN'T, I WOULD MAKE A COMIC ABOUT A SINGLE GUY WHO IS EMBARRASSED TO HANG HIS LAUNDRY TO DRY AND WASH HIS WINDOWS ON THE BALCONY IN FRONT OF HIS NEIGHBORS. THE IDEA AROSE DURING OUR PHONE CONVERSATION, WHEN HE DESCRIBED THAT DISCOMFORT TO ME. I SUGGESTED HOW HE COULD DISGUISE HIMSELF WHILE DOING THOSE HOUSEHOLD CHORES EXPOSED TO CURIOUS GLANCES.

WHEN THE COMIC SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY IN 2022, A FRIEND - LET'S CALL HIM ZOINK ZORKABOINK HERE - EXPRESSED FEARS ABOUT WHETHER OUR FRIENDSHIP WOULD SURVIVE


I FEEL THEM WATCHING ME WITH THOSE DOUBLE PAIRS OF EYES. BLACK, RED, YELLOW, AND GREEN DEVILS... MAYBE I CAN MANAGE IF I KNIT!
WHY ARE THEY KNOCKING ON MY DOOR? THEY DON'T WANT ME TO SUCCEED. I'M HUNGRY, BUT I CAN'T STOP KNITTING! ONE KNIT, FOUR PURL, THREE KNIT, I'LL MESS UP THE RHYTHM,
I CAN'T MOVE A SINGLE STITCH. EVERYTHING WILL COLLAPSE IF I GIVE IN! THE VOICES IN MY HEAD ARE DISTRACTING ME,